THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs.

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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

AS THIS, the first number of THE COMMONWEAL, goes to press, the election returns are far from complete but it is known that CALVIN COOLIDGE has been decisively chosen as the next President of the United States. We would say to the American people, and to the man chosen by them as their Chief Magistrate, a few words, proffered with humility, and in the spirit which is the guiding intention of this new journal —the spirit of Faith, of Hope, and of Charity.

Of Faith, because we exercise it not only in religion but also in matters that concern the nation. So, too, of Hope—and, above all, of Charity.

The man who will direct our government during the next four years, to whom the people, through lawfully ordained methods, have entrusted the supreme executive power and the headship of the army and navy of a mighty nation, finds that nation troubled and perplexed by most serious and highly perilous problems, complicated by the fact that this nation must in one way or another play a leading part among the other nations of the world at a time when all peoples are facing a crisis graver than any recorded in the annals of humanity. The extraordinary complexities his administration must face will draw from Mr. COOLIDGE the utmost capacity of his physical endurance, his mental firmness, his judgment, patience, and tolerance. They will spare no recess of his soul.

He no longer faces divided party counsels, for this situation has been greatly bettered by the increase of Republican representation. But it remains true that our parties have become little more than nominating machines. As agencies of government, the split in their ranks between radical and conservative has paralyzed their power of united action. The President must seek support from men of like minds in all parties. This in itself is a momentous revolution. In its worst aspect, it promises long vistas of deadlocks, log rolling and shirked responsibility, delays, vexations and painful compromises. In its best aspect—and this is where the President's test will become acute—it will force the Executive to achieve in fact as well as on paper the headship of the entire nation. He must have a national rather than a local support to put through any paramount measure.

Added to this new burden and opportunity, demanding an entirely new technique of government, he must face problems of unparalleled intricacy and magnitude —moral, economic and international. The conduct of a war is simple in comparison, for war is direct, unified. But what of harrassing tasks such as these: restoration of confidence in the integrity of government officials, alleviation of religious and racial

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animosities, the agitation for and against federal control of education, consolidation of railroads and equitable adjustment of rates, the probable entire revision of revenue sources, the rearrangement of government departments, progressive reduction of the national debt, decision on the participation of the United States in the League and in various world conferences, further international reduction of armament, settlement with our foreign debtors, the sane administration of the Dawes plan and its probable frequent modifications. Add to these the possibilities of labor disturbance in the key industries of coal and transportation, the possibility of organized attack upon the Federal Reserve system, and the agitation of the numerous blocs in Congress. It will demand a man of superb equipment and courage and judgment to master the span of the four years ahead.

Yet the statement of this formidable case fills us with neither alarm nor pessimism. We have an abiding faith in the power of this nation to meet and master its problems provided only it approaches them with a true humility—the clear knowledge that the best we have achieved in the past and the best we shall achieve is based on the simplest of all virtues, the inborn reliance on God.

For THE COMMONWEAL is not the organ of any political party, or of any single school of economic or social theory. And the Calvert Associates, who publish it, whether they are members of one or another of the great political parties, or whether they profess different forms of religious belief, or whether they accept various forms of economic or social theorizing, are firmly united in the belief, and in the practice of the belief, that religion is at once the foundation and the only sure guarantee of the highest forms of civilization and culture. They might take for their motto the words of Plutarch—

> There never was a state of atheists. You may travel all over the world, and you may find cities without walls, without a king, without a mint, without theatre or gymnasium; but you will nowhere find a city without a god, without prayer, without oracle, without sacrifices. Sooner may a city stand without foundations, than a state without belief in the gods. This is the bond of all society, and the pillar of all legislation.

Those members of our association who are not Catholics believe equally firmly that it is unquestionably a clear social duty for Catholics to contribute to the efforts now being made by all men and women of good will, to bring peace upon earth, brotherhood among men, happiness to all peoples, and prosperity, good order, and the fruits of civilization—art, beauty, culture—to our own nation.

Men and women of good will! They, we believe, are our best, our most useful, and, in the truest sense, our most patriotic citizens. To increase their number, to bring about among them a closer union, a more practical coöperation, a truer understanding of their common purposes, and to canalize the streams of their beneficent influence, would be the greatest of all works of social utility.

For we believe that it is the will that is the main instrument of all human action. God, Himself, said an old mystical writer, is a great Will pervading all things by reason of its intentness. Man does not yield himself to the forces of darkness or of light save only through the consent or the weakness of his will. Men and women who believe in God, and know Him through faith to be the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, and who in that belief strive earnestly to unite the works of their own will to the will of God, know that in promoting the humane and higher interests of their own nation through justice and charity, with the fullest possible respect and sympathy for the just aspirations of all other nations, they are in the truest and best sense working in harmony with the Father of all mankind.

Such a belief permits men to join parties, or various and different schools of social thought, honestly believing the party or the school of their choice to be the best way, the most congenial method for achieving human betterment, but they will not scorn or condemn the parties or the schools to which others give allegiance. They will place above all parties or schools the common weal. They will not be extremists, fanatics, and, above all, they will not be lawless. They will know that without law and order and authority no civilized state may exist. Changes in the laws or in the mechanism of the state may be and often are desirable, even imperatively necessary, but are to be achieved only through education, and legal political action. In essentials unity—in non-essentials liberty—in all things charity.

Our national roots cling to this simple Faith, from the nobly stern Puritans of New England, of whom Mr. COOLIDGE is a descendant, to the fervent Catholic founders of Maryland who first wrote religious liberty into a colonial charter, from the God-fearing and loyal Jew, to the childlike faith of the black. So long as we hold fast to these roots, we cannot engulf ourselves in that overweening pride of self, that colossal ego of the would-be superman and supernation which is the conspicuous moral disease of the world today and of the very essence of its unrest and turmoil.

To CALVIN COOLIDGE, as the President of the United States, whose leadership will largely determine the springs of our action, and whose secret trials of mind and soul no one of us can measure or foresee, we gladly pledge—as we should with equal sincerity have pledged to either of the other candidates had the people chosen another man—what strength we have, that through him, in fair days and foul, the spirit of this country striving for justice may still cry out as in the past and with simple faith—"Expect the Lord, do manfully and be of good heart!"

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THE COMMONWEAL

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THOMAS F. WOODLOCK, President
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Secretary
JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Treasurer and Business Manager

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

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WEEK BY WEEK

THIRTEEN persons wounded, two fatally, and worse trouble averted only by martial law—not in a Russian pogrom, not in a Mexican revolution, not in a Chinese tong war, but in Niles, Ohio, in a battle between the Ku Klux Klan and the Knights of the Flaming Circle! The Ku Klux Klan we know as the most outrageous, sinister and ridiculous manifestation of ignorant bigotry, and of shameless violation of American principles, ever revealed—but who are the Knights of the Flaming Circle? The creation of a profiteer in prejudice? Or the spontaneous work of ignorant and violent men enraged by the arrogant clamor of the Klan—violence clinching with violence, lawlessness opposing lawlessness, the depths upsurging against the depths of anarchy? We know not, but we do know that unless politicians, high and low, cease once and for all pandering and truckling to the Klan, or any other group of anarchic men, and as their first duty stand for and support loyally the fundamental law and authority of the government, and the right of free men to live in this republic peacefully no matter what their religious beliefs or their racial origin may be—Niles, Ohio, will be only one of many places to be stained with a disgrace that threatens the fair fame of the nation.

BUT encouraging signs indicate that the Klan wave is receding. By a vote of two to one (according to the early returns) the voters of Michigan have defeated the stupid effort of the Ku Klux Klan to outlaw private and parochial schools. The bigots tried to effect their purpose by tampering with the State Constitution—the favorite method of fanatics in both national and local affairs. Mrs. FERGUSON won against the bedsheet patrioteers in Texas. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE lost in Kansas, but the courageous high-spirited campaign of the Emporia editor, thoroughly American, in the best tradition of true politics (which is for the common weal rather than for individual or party profits) was worth a score of merely partisan victories. All the bigots of the country would have rejoiced (burning thousands of crosses, double ones among them) had Governor SMITH been defeated—his victory is a blow to bigotry, quite apart from other considerations. All in all, the K. K. K. doesn't seem to have amounted to much, in really vital matters, in this election. The selection of a few politicians to office does not really matter, practically, though it is a sad thing to see Americans voting for the creatures of a sinister secret society.

AGREEING whole-heartedly with certain New York newspapers in their opinion that the dolorous Mr. EARL CARROLL, who chose to go to jail instead of accepting bail when a judge held him for trial on the charge of exhibiting indecent pictures at his theatre door, was only seeking free publicity instead of "martyrdom" for Art (O, poor Art!), we wonder why some of these very papers exploit pictorial and textual sexuality so persistently. So many daily newspapers pursue a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde policy—preaching righteousness in editorial columns, and exploiting salaciousness in news columns and Sunday supplements and advertising sections—that perhaps it is invidious to name the particular offenders we have in mind.

LET us turn to The NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE, on a different matter. (The curiosities of journalism are endless.) Sunday, November 2, The HERALD-TRIBUNE published a despatch (apparently a despatch) under a two-column heading, no date, place given as Quito, Ecuador, correspondent's name not given, nor any trace of the source of the article. It begins dogmatically—"Religious conditions in South America are similar to those of the Middle Ages. [Glorious news, if true, though we suspect the writer implies something entirely different.] One can find in all parts an unbelief and absolute indifference to spiritual things among both men and women that is hard to believe or realize until one has traveled through these countries and has seen the conditions." The rest of the article is more specific; but after the sweeping generalizations of the prelude, we wonder how far the reporting of the details are to be trusted, or even respected. "Religious conditions in South America"—not Chili, Peru, Ecuador, Venezuela, or any particular country or city, but all of that huge

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continent, disposed of in one statement. "In all parts"—unbelief and absolute indifference. Why should not The HERALD-TRIBUNE give authority for this summary treatment of a whole continent's religion, of which really competent observers have given such a different view? Where did the article come from? Its own correspondent? A news agency? A missionary society? It's all very curious.

IN another page of the same issue of The HERALD-TRIBUNE that contained this singular treatment of South American religion is to be found a book review taking Don MANUEL UGARTE severely to task because this gentleman in a book entitled El Destino de Continente (Madrid: Editorial Mundo Latina) accuses the United States of imperialistic designs on its southern neighbors and of a general unfriendliness, calling, in Don MANUEL UGARTE's opinion, for unified resistance on the part of the Latin American countries. Don MANUEL UGARTE's propaganda against the United States, it may be remarked, while having much to justify it in our ominous behavior in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua and elsewhere, in the maladroit conduct of all too many American business houses, of smalltown official representatives of our crude Jingoes, and of superficial travelers and sensation-mongering authors, is really unfounded in fact. If our South American friends came more often to visit the United States, to travel and study here, instead of making our land the mere steppingstone for a trip to Paris, they would soon learn that we have too large and difficult a problem in Americanizing the foreigners already within our frontiers, to make anything like an imperialistic program involving South America not only a scheme undesirable but actually intolerable to the truly North American mind. Because of this fact, Don MANUEL UGARTE's fears are baseless.

JUST the same, when South Americans find that their noble cities—Quito, the most Catholic of them all, Bogotá, Lima, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Santiago de Chile, and so forth, are lumped with primitive jungle villages, and that millions of people ranging from the most cultured of individuals to the savages of the upper Amazon, are described as being devoid of *all* religion—who can wonder that there is a Don MANUEL UGARTE to voice their just resentment?

If there is need for South Americans to visit us, study, observe, learn our national character by direct contact, far more need is there for our writers (and editors!) travelers, and sensible business men, to visit the nations of the South and learn something of the high culture, the rich heritage and the present vigorous condition of art, and the great natural wealth and opportunities of our neighbors, which should invite not to covetous exploitation but to fair and friendly commercial coöperation. In these matters we should set an example.

MR. STUART P. SHERMAN, reviewing ANATOLE FRANCE, writes as follows:

"Sometimes I am convinced—almost convinced—that nothing can finally resist the full seduction of the rising tide of pagan hedonism but the Petrine Rock. The Church of Rome and its champions still stand fast in their ancient faith. And they are pretty nearly the only powers which oppose to the point of view of ANATOLE FRANCE a definite point of view of their own. In France, Christian idealism has long been accustomed to formidable adversaries; its apologies are not, as generally with us, defenseless babes, going down helpless and speechless before the spears and banners of an overwhelmingly superior enemy. They study the invader: see him as Achilles, and find his heel; see him as Goliath, and plant their white pebbles between his eyes. The most searching criticism of ANATOLE FRANCE which has yet appeared, the best informed, the most appreciative and at the same time the most destructive, comes from French Catholic writers, whom English popularizers plunder without acknowledgment, bearing to the English public the honey of their appreciation and leaving the sting of their criticism behind."

American, English, Italian, French, Irish, Canadian, South American, German, Austrian, Spanish, Dutch, Belgian, Polish, Scandinavian, Hungarian and Bohemian writers who have the Faith in common will write for THE COMMONWEAL. They will "oppose to the point of view of ANATOLE FRANCE, a definite point of view of their own." The Petrine Rock is that force which will "resist the full seduction of pagan Hedonism." Upon that Rock THE COMMONWEAL stands.

FROM dawn until noon, from the hundred thousand churches and chapels of Christendom, the Mass bells rang on the Feast of All Souls. On this day and on Christmas only, may the priest celebrate the Holy Sacrifice three times. Three times, for the birth of God. Three times, for the souls of dead men and women. Yellow and black and white are the hues of the altar, the vestments, the candle flames. The millions of worshippers offer up their prayers, their Communions, their love and sorrow, their tears also, as the incense smoke arises, as the blessed water is sprinkled. Their hearts remember and their souls go forth in service to those others, the "poor souls"—to use the beautiful Catholic colloquialism. They remember the dead. But more, they know that the dead still live. No hopeless sorrow theirs, still less, no grotesque commerce with necromancers in the sordid purlieus of Spiritualism. Noble music enwraps their prayers with majesty. Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine. Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

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AN INTRODUCTION

THE question will naturally arise why the editors of THE COMMONWEAL believe there is room for another journal to discuss public affairs, to review the important publications of the day, and produce original fiction, essays and poetry. Do they hope to find place for THE COMMONWEAL through competition with the weekly reviews that already occupy the field? To such questions we reply:

We believe that THE COMMONWEAL will be so fundamentally different to our contemporaries that in place of competition in an over-crowded field we shall occupy a position that hitherto has been left vacant. For the difference between THE COMMONWEAL and other weekly literary reviews designed for general circulation is that THE COMMONWEAL will be definitely Christian in its presentation of orthodox religious principles and their application to the subjects that fall within its purview: principles which until now have not, we believe, been expressed in American journalism except through the medium of the official organs of the Catholic Church and of the various denominations. As a sure background THE COMMONWEAL will have the continuous, unbroken tradition and teachings of the historic Mother Church.

But it will be in no sense—nor could it possibly assert itself to be—an authoritative or authorized mouth piece of the Catholic Church. It will be the independent, personal product of its editors and contributors, who, for the most part, will be laymen. Its pages will be open to writers holding different forms of Christian belief, and in some cases to authors who do not profess any form of Christian faith. Where the opinion of its editors, contributors and readers differs on subjects yet unsettled by competent authority, it will be an open forum for the discussion of such differences in a spirit of good temper.

In presenting the first number of THE COMMONWEAL to its readers, or it may be more exact to say, to those whom we would have as readers, the editors realize that it is not by what they may say about their intentions so much as by the way their intentions are realized that the new journal will be judged. Therefore, they ask that the judgment upon their work be not exclusively based upon any one issue of THE COMMONWEAL. A new journal cannot convey its character through any single number any more than a new acquaintance can establish claims to one's friendship at a first meeting. Nevertheless, the proper ceremonial usages call for a brief introduction of THE COMMONWEAL on the part of its sponsors.

There is being promulgated a widely accepted theory of what civilization is, or what it should be, which, if it proves successful means the end of Christendom, so far as the expression or influence of Christian principles and ideas in the institutions of civilized life are concerned. It is unquestionably a spiritual, moral, and patriotic duty for thinking people at least to make an effort to apply the conserving and regenerative forces of the fountain head of Christian tradition, experience and culture to the problems that today all men of good will are seeking to solve. As opposed to the present confused, confusing, and conflicting complex of private opinions, and personal impressionism, mirrored in so many influential journals, the editors of THE COMMONWEAL believe that nothing can do so much for the betterment, the happiness, and the peace of the American people as the influence of the enduring and tested principles of Catholic Christianity. To that high task THE COMMONWEAL is dedicated.

WORLD BUSINESS

WITHOUT voicing an undue optimism, it is evident that many forces both at home and abroad have been merging during the last few months to effect greater moral and economic stability. We intentionally place moral forces first. They are not subject to statistical analysis; rather they shape statistics and give them their value and prospective.

Thus the successful flotation of the German external loan means far more than the dollars and cents supplied as a cornerstone to the Dawes plan. It means the attainment of a definite will for accord, without which no plan would amount to more than mental gymnastics. So, too, the British elections are important not so much because they placed the conservatives in power as because they marked the end of divided counsels, compromise ministries and precarious responsibility. They represent a forceful moral decision, upon which other countries can reckon and plan accordingly.

The patent economic facts likewise present a refreshingly definite aspect. In this country, industrial production shows a moderate expansion with continued extreme ease in money rates. Employment is increasing. In representative industries, there have been recorded during one month about forty wage increases to six reductions. Commodity prices have advanced sharply since the year's low point in the second week of July. Railroad freight loadings indicate a brisk distribution of goods. Even the cotton mills are showing greater activity, while building operations are remarkably sustained and higher than last year. Above all, the crop yields and prices have revolutionized the agricultural outlook.

Abroad, favorable signs appear everywhere except in Russia. French revenues from taxation have exceeded the budget provisions. The Dawes tonic is being administered to Germany. Belgium is about balancing her budget. Italy shows a reduced import balance, increased shipping activity, and a fall in unemployment combined with an increase of savings deposits. We would seem to be on the threshold of progress through a cycle of economic expansion.

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ON ALLIANCE WITH ROME

By HOFFMAN NICKERSON

IN this article I address those who, like myself, are outside the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. If I could, I would persuade the average decent citizen (irrespective of theological position or lack of one) that in general social action it is not only wise but morally right for him to coöperate with Roman Catholics. Alas, one is continually meeting people in full sympathy with the ends sought by Catholic action in our society who nevertheless permit theological disagreement to keep them hostile to the great army which is fighting for that which they themselves cherish. Were all of us confronted by no peril, then this attitude of theirs would matter little. Unfortunately such is not the case. On all sides, the foundations of our society, or of any conceivable civilized society, are attacked.

The threat of political revolution is perhaps that one of the attacks which comes first to mind. But it is not the only one. Not content with threatening property (the only possible support of personal and corporate liberty) not content with tearing family life to tatters, our generation has already achieved the most destructive war in history. As if all this were not enough, so that no field of human action might remain secure, those who would destroy us have gone on to attack reason itself. It might be wrong to say that our would-be disintegrators have set up unreason as a sacred dogma, but it would not be far wrong. Not one of the elementary laws of thought or even the axioms of geometry has been safe from them. Inability to distinguish between proof and hypothesis has left our scientists as bankrupt of truth as supernationalism has left Europe's treasuries empty of money. Meanwhile, for want of something better to do, we Americans have cooked up a very promising beginning of religious war.

Before entering upon my labor, it would be base indeed not to remember the great Frenchman whose pen has reaped such golden harvest in these same fields.

Come, Maurras, Master and Captain of the Allies of the Church, be propitious to me. Forget, if only for a moment, the folly and the sorrow of thine own dear country in order to inspire us here. Lend me something of thy clear spirit, thy rapier logic, and thy serene ardor, for thou hast enough and to spare. Lend me of thy love for the age-long sanctities wherein thou dost not believe. As for the Doric loveliness of thy style, I ask it not—for it is thine own and immortal, and it could grow under no other hand. If thou wilt inspire me then I will shrink from no task.

To it then: The Roman Catholic Church is a fact. It is the most numerous and at the same time the most widely distributed of all Christian bodies. We may reject its claims or its manner of stating them; our rejection does not wipe the organization out of existence. And for every one of the maladies of our society, it has a clear and definite remedy to prescribe.

Taking first the question of local versus universal allegiances, most thinking men see clearly the need of our world for a sound internationalism not to destroy but to transcend local loyalties. Mere nationalism, the so-called religion of the modern man, is not enough. It is too easily capable of serving collective greed and the unlimited desire for power. Worse still, it demands too many human sacrifices. Now, internationalism implies somewhere a central body, an organ. What then are the active international forces of our day and what hope is to be found in them? Obviously, we must begin by ruling out the international revolutionaries and the equally international bankers. The revolutionaries promise us no stability but only a series of bloody convulsions, and the bankers, although they seek stability of a sort, seem to have heretofore failed to inspire that degree of affection necessary to a stable and healthy authority.

How about the League of Nations then? Well the League, if it is ever to amount to anything, must use either force or persuasion, i.e., moral authority. Even in using force, if its action is to be more than a mere tyranny, it must do so in the service of acknowledged right. Now what is right? What is justice? Can the corrupt little gangs of shady fellows which constitute most modern governments, can they nominate a committee capable of defining in morals? To ask the question is to answer it. My contention is not that the League is worthless, I say only that its inability to define in morals must permanently limit its usefulness, for only agreement in morals permanently unites man to man. If another man adopts my religion that religion is not less but more. If he takes my possessions then I have not more but less than before. Material interests can only divide.

Consider now the Papacy. It sets forth a morality which claims to be universal. It is a centre of reverence for perhaps two hundred million people all over the world. Granted, if you will, that in our own day it has often failed to act, and that when it has done so its action has been timid or ill-judged. Granted, anything you please, still the Papacy remains an organ of constructive internationalism which our world cannot afford to despise or to neglect.

Having considered the Roman Church in relation to international war, let us now consider its relation to the class war. Among those who attack the institution of property there is an unreconciled contradiction. On their negative side they appeal to the spirit of chaos, and on the positive side their omni-

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potent state would reduce its subjects to something very like slavery. To all this Rome replies, by the mouth of Pope Leo XIII, that property is a natural right, that it is the chief earthly support of individuals and associations of individuals against the caprices of the powerful, that if you weaken it you weaken liberty, and if you destroy it you have destroyed liberty. What other religious body has said as much?

Does this mean that she sees nothing in Communism? By no means. The only genuine Communists of past or present times have been monks or nuns. Neither does it mean that she takes a merely complacent view of things as they are. Far from it. In the days of her greatest power the rich were not irresponsible as they are today. They were compelled by custom to maintain and lead the local police force, to serve as local magistrates, and to perform a host of other exacting duties. In those times the business man, that imperious master of our society, was kept continually in mind of his obligation to the community by means of an elaborate and logical system of economic morality. By her doctrine of the "Just Price" the Church was never weary of restraining the destructive swings of the economic pendulum between boom times and slack times. Trade and industry were organized into guilds for the precise purpose of preventing the growth of a degraded proletariat such as that which befouls our cities. When President Coolidge says—"He who builds a factory builds a temple, and he who works there worships there," he is talking pure mediaeval Catholicism.

Even more fundamental than the struggle for a sound internationalism or for a softening of class warfare, is the effort to preserve the first and deepest of all human loyalties, that of marriage. Among us Americans the evil of divorce has reached such a pass that it is hard to find words for it. Here the difficulty in finding a remedy is not mere bewilderment as it is in the matter of international or interclass hatred. The monster can be seen in all his hideousness. The divorce rate of these United States cries to Heaven, and in the teeth of it only venerable survivors of the past (like ex-President Eliot of my own proud University of Harvard) can maintain the superior happiness of American home life to that of other countries. In the matter of divorce the trouble is not to diagnose the disease but to find physicians able to persuade people to take the only remedy—of forbearance and self-mastery. Here, again, Rome stands like a great rock. Her own people are all but immune to this plague that strikes down its tens of thousands among the rest of us. Without her where would our divorce legislation and our divorce rate be today?

After such great matters, it is hard to go on without anti-climax. And yet there is one more province of life, that of education and scholarship, wherein the Roman church has a great word to say. All educated men worthy of the name revere the past. Only schoolboys and "self-made" barbarians chatter of any progress not rooted in tradition. Most of our culture comes down to us from the ancient classic world. Our own time with its German philosophy, industrialism, free verse, and new art, is bleak and ugly enough. Think what it would be without its artistic, cultural links with the past. It is an instinct vital to our society that makes the wisest among us cling to the study of the classics. Without the Roman Catholic insistence upon Latin their struggle would be hopeless.

Let us, for a moment, imagine the future at its worst. Let us suppose mankind (shepherded by Nietzsche, Freud, et al.) returning meekly to a pagan worshipping of its own mere appetites. Even so, will not such a folly be gone the sooner if the poor creatures can be shown the satiety and despair of the antique world? How could this be done without Latin?

Again, it may well be the temper begotten by familiarity with the solid, definite, Latin phrase which has helped Roman Catholic scholars to resist the fashionable habit of telling learned fairy tales and labelling them science. They refuse to mix up suggestion and possibility with proof. Take their immunity to the evolutionary gabble. Granted that bones of "higher" animals have been found in rocks, granted further that presumably older rocks have yielded traces of "lower" types, they refuse to find in this suggestive fact any proof that simpler types begat the more complex. It may have been so, but the thing remains hypothesis—supposition.

Does this line of reasoning mean that this church trains her scholars to lean too heavily upon formal logic? By no means. She must ever insist that reason, although supreme within its own province, has limits beyond which it cannot rule. Take her reply to the intellectually fashionable sophistries of Kant. The old cobweb spinner of Koenigsburg was out to deny any definite proof of the existence of God. Therefore he insisted, and what he said was true enough as far as it went, that no man could logically demonstrate the existence of the external world. The Church's learned scholastics only smiled and answered—"These things are too serious to be joked about. You, Herr Kant, like any other sane man, are forced to assume that the external world exists. If in your heart you really denied it, the asylum doors would gape for you. Back in the twelfth century our predecessors had that matter out with the subtle Jewish disintegrator, Maimonides."

I conclude. The mere existence of the Papacy helps us to hope for better international understanding. In her economic morality, and in the record of the Catholic Middle Ages, the Church has a great word to say for social justice. Without her the struggle for the right of property and the sanctity of marriage would be desperate indeed. By her Latin she helps us to preserve the heritage of the antique Mediterranean world out of which came all our culture. No fad can drive her scholars either from reason or from sanity. If we cannot give her allegiance, at least we owe her respect.

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RELIGION AND SEX

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THE honest man, who says he wishes Christianity to be merely practical, and not theoretical or theological, is seldom good at explaining exactly what he means. That is why there is so much mere verbal repetition about what he says. Generally the poor old theologians and theorists have to explain to him what he means. Nevertheless he means something, and it is something like this. A very large number of humane and healthy-minded people nowadays are opportunists; in a sense beyond that in which all sane people are opportunists. We all believe in cutting our coat according to our cloth, in the sense that nobody can cut a coat with no cloth. But if my tailor tells me that all the cloth now in stock is of a bright mustard yellow decorated with scarlet skulls and cross-bones, I shall defer as long as possible the use of this for a new dress-coat, and even put myself and the tailor to some trouble to procure cloth of some other kind.

Now there is a kind of man who will eagerly wear the yellow coat because of the existence of the yellow cloth. He is an opportunist in another sense than mine. There is a difference between the customer who gets what he wants so far as he can and the customer who gets what he doesn't want because he can.

In other words there is a difference between getting what you want, under certain conditions, and allowing the conditions to tell you what to get, and even what you want. Now it is possible to go through life being perpetually played upon by circumstances in this way. If my tennis court is flooded (it seems not improbable at present) I can of course turn it into an ornamental lake. Or I can take the trouble to drain the field and dam the flood and remain faithful to the abstract dogmatic ideal of lawn tennis. If a tree falls on the house and makes a hole in the roof, I can turn the hole into a sky-light and the tree into a fire escape. But if I do not really want a sky-light or a fire escape, I am being dictated to by a tree. And that is an undignified position for a man.

It is the undignified position of most modern men. They are opportunists, not merely in the sense of geting what they want in the way that is most practical, but of trying to want the thing that is most practical; that is, merely the thing that is most easy. That is why they cannot understand the basis of Christian idealism in many matters, and especially in the matter of sex. They are always being deflected by the flood or the falling tree, especially that tree of knowledge which is the symbol of the Fall, and which has certainly made a hole in the house, in the sense of the home. But the point here is that these people have a new sexual plan or purpose with every superficial turn of events. Whenever there happen to be more women than men they begin to talk of polygamy. Whenever there are rather more children than is convenient for sweaters to support by decent wages they at once begin to talk of tricks that are a sort of substitute for infanticide.

When those who were afraid of over-population this year are afraid of race suicide next year, they will propound a new philosophy of sex to enforce the most random re-population. When wives and husbands happen to be separated by all our industrial work and business worry, it is easier to propose that they should be divorced by new laws and new moralities. We are already in the happy state in which they work in different offices, so it is easy to reach the happier state in which they live in different homes. Men are divided from their wives and children in a shipwreck, and those opportunists treat our industrial society as one continual shipwreck. There may be a something to be said for that description of it. But the worst of a shipwreck is that the ship so often goes down.

Now nobody can understand the Christian theory of sex who does not understand this idea of man having a plan which he wishes to impose upon circumstances, instead of waiting for the circumstances to see what his plan is to be. The Christian desires to create the conditions in which Christian marriage is most workable and worthy of itself; not to accept whatever is most workable in very unworthy conditions. Why he wants it, and what it really is, we will consider in a moment; but it is necessary to make clear at the start that it is not something suggested to us by the social conditions around us; it is something suggested to us by God and our common conscience and sense of the general honor of mankind. And that is what our poor friend means when he says that we are not practical; he means that we are not always patching our house and altering our garden to fit a falling log or a shower of rain.

He means that we have a plan of our house and garden and are always trying to restore and rebuild it according to that plan. We do not propose to tear up our original plan and follow a chapter of accidents; until the house is buried under falling trees and the fields are flooded and all the work of man is washed away. That is what he means by our unpracticality, and he is right.

Stated in its human terms the plan is substantially this. That love which makes youth beautiful, and is the natural spring of so much song and romance, has for its final aim and issue a creative act, the founding of a family. While it is a creative act like

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that of an artist it is also a collective act like that of a small community. It is, perhaps, the one artistic work in which collaboration is a success and indeed a necessity. It takes two to make a quarrel, especially a lovers' quarrel. It also takes two to make a lovers' agreement that their love shall be put before their quarrels. But by definition the agreement of the two is not merely the concern of the two; but, in a very terrible sense, of others. The founding of a family like all creative acts, is an awful responsibility. In other words the founding of a family means the feeding of a family, the training, teaching and watching of a family. It is a work for a lifetime, and most married lives are too short for it. This continuity is secured, not by "marriage laws," which our modern plutocracies can pull about as they please, but by a voluntary vow or invocation of God made by both parties, that they will help each other in this work until death. For those who believe in God and also believe in the meaning of words it is final and irrevocable.

This creative act is in itself a free act. This creative act, like all creative acts, does involve a loss of freedom. The man who has built a house cannot recover that castle in the air that he made and re-made while he was merely planning the house. In that sense we can say if we like that the man who makes a house makes a prison. There is about every great work something final, but it is quite true that this work is felt to have a peculiar sort of finality. The passion of a man in his youth has found its right road and reached its right goal, and though love need not be over, the search for love is over.

By the test of this aim and achievement all the things condemned by the Christian ethics fall into their various degrees of error. To prolong the search in a sentimental fashion, long after it has any relation to the real work of a man, is an error in varying degrees; often it is no more than undignified and ridiculous; turpe senilis amor. To allow the search to stray in such a fashion as to destroy other homes healthily established is, by this definition, obviously wrong. To cultivate a perversion in the mind which actually removes the desire for the fruitful act is horribly wrong. To purchase the mere sterile pleasure from a sterile class is wrong. To manœuvre in some scientific fashion, so as to filch the pleasure without taking the responsibilities of the act, is logically and inherently wrong. It is like swaggering about with a medal without going to the war.

We believe, without a shadow of doubt or hesitation, that where conditions approximate to this ideal humanity is most happy. Thus is the coming of passion used with the least degree of destruction. Thus is the passing away of passion accepted with the least degree of disillusion. A constructive work of manhood follows naturally on the creative work of youth; passion is given a remarkable chance of perpetuating itself as affection, and the life of man is made whole. There are tragedies in it, as there are equally tragedies outside it. We cannot rid life of tragedy without ridding it of liberty. We cannot control the emotional attitude of others in a condition of sexual anarchy any more than in a condition of domestic loyalty. Love is really too free for the purposes of the free lovers. But where men are trained by tradition to regard this process as normal, and not to expect any other, there is far less likelihood of tragic entanglements than in the love that is called free. If we look at the real literature of Bohemian or irresponsible love, we shall find it one continual wail and raving lament over false mistresses and torturing love affairs.

In short, we do not in the least believe in the greater happiness promised to mankind by the dissolution of life-long loyalties; we do not feel the slightest respect for the crude and sentimental rhetoric in which it is recommended to us. But the practical result of our conviction and our confidence is this; that when people say to us—"Your system is quite unsuited to the modern world," we answer—"If that is so things look rather rotten for the poor old modern world." When they say—"Your ideal of marriage may be an ideal, but it cannot be a reality," we say—"It is an ideal in a diseased society, it is a reality in a healthy society. For where it is real it makes society healthy." We do not say perfectly healthy, for we believe in other things besides marriage; as, for instance, in the Fall of Man. But the point is that we want what is practical in the sense that we want to make something, to create Christian families. But they only want what is practicable, in the sense of what is easiest at the moment.

So much for the general theory of marriage that passion is purified by its own fruitfulness, when that fruitfulness is its dignified and decent end. It might be put shortly by saying that we would substitute, for the half-truth of love for love's sake, the larger truth of love for life's sake. Love is subject to law because it is subject to life. It is true, not merely in a metaphorical, not even merely in a mystical, but also in a material sense, that it is come that we may have life and that we may have it more abundantly. Of course this does not mean that the love has not its own spiritual value, where honorable accident prevents it from being fruitful. But it does mean that, in a general sense, we may judge the loves of men by another mystical metaphor which is also a material fact—and by their fruits we shall know them.

So much of the principle is, or was until very lately, common to all who call themselves Christians. There is a pendant to the principle professed by all who call themselves Catholics. It is a more mystical idea; and only Catholics, perhaps, have troubled rationally and philosophically to define it. It is by no means true, however, that only Catholics have felt it. The old

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pagans groped after it in their visions of Athene and Artemis and the Vestal Virgins. The modern agnostics grope after it in their worship of the innocence of childhood—in Peter Pan or the Child's Garden of Verses. It is the idea that there is for some a direct happiness even more divine than the divine sacrament of marriage. This is a subject at once too special and too great to be expounded here; but two rather singular facts may be noted about it in conclusion. First, that the modern industrial states are invoking a nightmare of over-population, after having themselves actually destroyed the monastic brotherhoods that were a voluntary and virile limitation of it. In other words, they are rather reluctantly relapsing into birth control after actually suppressing the proof that men are capable of self control. Secondly, if such abstention were really required, this religious tradition could give it a poetic and positive enthusiasm, where all others would make it merely a negative mutilation. Catholics believe in reason, and like to have practical things proved; and at present the need is not proved; but only talked about as if it were, like Darwin and Einstein. But even if it were, they would have a better answer than anybody else; the trumpet of St. Francis and St. Dominic. And good Protestants will at least agree that the answer would be better than the alternative of a sort of secret and silent anarchy, in which the motives are narrowed and the result is void. And by this road we return to the original and normal theme of the ideal of marriage; and to the main truth about it. A thing so human certainly will not finally disappear amid the accidents of an abnormal society. That society will never be able to judge marriage. Marriage will judge that society; and may possibly condemn it.

LAST WORDS OF A HAPPY MAN

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

AN absence from one's own country for almost eleven years makes one timid about forming conclusions—for one's old premises have disappeared. All my visits to the United States had been under definite instructions; I had had no time to examine conditions leisurely and little opportunity to meet again those groups of gentlemen on whose impressions I relied. Returning, I had everything to learn. The war had had a marked effect on arts, letters and the theatre and the point of view of the American people towards the social problems much discussed in 1906 had become entirely different.

During my congés at home, I had formed the opinion that the whisky habit was growing in the United States. I was in Washington and in New York during one Christmas week and it seemed to me from the appearance of the streets that my people were as drunken as most of the inhabitants of Belfast.

It was only reasonable to expect that something would be done to abolish the saloon and to make the drinking of whisky less common. But it never occurred to me that our people would consent to such an unscientific remedy as that of prohibition. It was plain that something must be done to save the youth of the country and to stop the habit of drinking which was making thousands of families miserable. After all, I had learned in Europe one lesson—that laws were not passed thoughtlessly, carelessly, for merely partisan and fanatical motives, and without the advice of scientific experts.

It became plain to me that the non-conformist element which rules our country was stronger than ever. It was made up of well-meaning but semi-educated persons, whose principles and prejudices were inextricably mixed; who had not learned that a straight line in the practical affairs of life is not always the most effective means of reaching good ends. Puritans are always devoted to geometry, and they seem to have no knowledge of the cultural arts or of those many complications that make up humanity. This question of drink was to the mind of a man, who was a newcomer in his own country, the main problem after the successful conclusion of the war, that we had to meet. Coupled with this was the decay of a belief in and knowledge of those liberal principles of democracy which the fathers of our country had taught and practised. In fact, partisanship and fanaticism seemed to have taken the place of those principles which made American ideas both sympathetic and workable.

I discovered that the United States was, from the European point of view, regarded as the least free nation in the sphere of western civilization. It was very hard to meet the arguments of my European friends, who had at least not lost the habit of thinking for themselves, against the practical disfranchisement of the colored people in the South. I might say what I chose as to the expediency of this disfranchisement; but it was ineffectual, and later our favorite word, "self-determination," was constantly thrown into my teeth. I soon dropped the use of the phrase, "making the world safe for democracy." Some talks with Dr. Booker Washington, who was inclined to be optimistic and uncritical, had led me to feel that on certain questions silence was much better than speech.

The quality of our legislators seemed to have deteriorated greatly. One had only to go into the Senate or the House and to compare the speeches of senators and representatives with what one had heard in the 'seventies and 'eighties, to feel strongly that there was something radically wrong with the American peo-

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ple if these men were their voluntarily chosen delegates. A recent visit to Milwaukee and an examination of the mental attitude of Wisconsin legislators, as expressed in their speeches, has corroborated this impression. If you want to believe that democracy is safe in the hands of Wisconsin legislators, just drop into Madison and look them over!

Fortunately, during the war, our books of fiction had not been permeated by qualities which made some of the representative fiction writers of English obnoxious to every clean-minded person. The Japanese amateur of English literature who once said, speaking of the kind of books printed before the war in England, that "a people represented by such novels ought to be conquered and reformed" was almost right. It would be unfair to the mass of English people to believe that The Pretty Lady of Arnold Bennett and even The Devil's Garden by that most skilled of all English novelists, Maxwell, really represented the ethics of the English nation.

Unhappily, since the war, American novels have become what the pre-war English novel was. It is the fashion to blame the indecency of the novelists, their perversions and their tendency to be Zolaesque without the talent of Zola, on the war. The war, in fact, is blamed for almost everything that is obnoxious to good morals or good taste. In truth, war does not make a great change in the morality of people; it probably makes the bad worse and the good better.

It had seemed as if nothing under heaven could awaken the American people from their insularity. The war did not do it, but the attempts at reconstruction have begun to do it. Europe and America are slowly discovering each other.

It was a delightful surprise for me, then, to discover that in the United States we had the best character actors in the world. I have not as yet seen any great American actor; but for stage management in the best of our theatres, for the selection of types, for the fine art of acting what are called character parts, there are no better players in the world today, not excepting even those of the Comédie Française or of the Moscow Art Theatre, than the American.

The English, of course, will always object to our accent, but they accept with great ease a French or Hungarian accent, and Modjeska never suffered in their eyes, or did Ristori for her touch of foreigness. It may be said that these were truly great actors and that they were a law unto themselves. But after all the foreign opinion of our stage is not really important to us. It is sufficient for us to know that we have brought the art of acting to a high point of perfection. It may be said that the theatre, under present management which is largely commercial, is not really friendly to the highest art. But I am not speaking of the highest art; but only of a very fine art exerted in what may be called minor parts. For example, whatever may be said about the merits of the play itself, an experienced theatre-goer can conceive of no better acting than that in Rain; and what can be said except in praise of the production of The Rivals, with Francis Wilson in the part of Bob Acres?

It was borne in upon me that I should end this volume of recollections on a very personal note. I argued against it, because I think that the book itself has been so very personal; and its effect on me is to give me the impression—borrowed from an oft-repeated nightmare—that I am standing in the middle of a drawing-room in my shirt sleeves. At my age, however, I may be forgiven, not for moralizing, but for expressing sincerely the results of the experience of a man rapidly nearing his seventy-second year.

In the first place, looking back—if I had my life to go over again, I should never worry about anything that might happen—during my long life the things that I worried about never happened, and the things to which I gave no unhappy thought always happened. I should like to say, too, for the benefit of the young, that when one is old, one regrets not the sins one has committed so much as the good deeds one might have performed. As a Christian, I trust that I can leave my sins to Christ, who is more merciful than man; but I can never forgive myself for not having been keener to discover means of helping others.

It may be considered sentimental to say or to repeat what is often said—that the only treasure for the old is the love of one's family and one's friends. I have been several times on the verge of death, but under the providence of God I could not die because of the knowledge that my death would bring unhappiness to others.

And even since the one whose love and understanding were most constant has, after forty years of happiness in my life passed away, I still feel that it is love which gives me the will to live and the will to live really means living. The son of an exile, an exile who became thoroughly American, whose love for his native country always reminded me of Gilder's exquisite line:

A pearly shell
Which murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea.

War, I am told by high authorities, like scandals, will be always with us. From my experience and observation, I think that war ought to be—in a world that pretends to be Christian—impossible. As waged today it has no redeeming quality, and its results can be only evil. But whether there shall be new wars or not depends on the civilizing of the human race. It ought to be remembered that the angels, announcing the coming of Christ, promised peace, not to all mankind, but to men of good will. Whether the unspeakable horrors of war shall be renewed or not, depends entirely on the instruction and education of mankind, in which the least of us can take part.

(From the last chapter of Recollections of a Happy Life, soon to be published by the George H. Doran Company.)

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THE FOUNDER OF CALIFORNIA

By THEODORE MAYNARD

HERE in 1602, eighteen years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the bleak New England coast, came Sebastian Vizcaino, riding his galleon on the half-moon of Monterey Bay. He could do no more at the time than set up a cross; to claim California for Spain; to describe the harbor for the benefit of future explorers; and to sail away. For nearly 200 years the occupation of Alta California remained unattempted. That it was finally brought about was due to the energy, valor and genius of one man, the founder and president of the Franciscan missions, Junipero Serra.

JUNIPERO SERRA

Like the great Drake, Vizcaino missed altogether the superb harbor of San Francisco; and when finally it was discovered by Portolá it was stumbled upon in the search, so long fruitless, for Monterey, which was designed to be and which became during the Spanish occupation, the capital of the province and the centre of Serra's missionary activities.

Rushing up from San Diego, Serra landed at Monterey in 1770—a man of fifty-seven—to begin the toils which ended fourteen years later, when with the words "now I will sleep," the wornout but dauntless old man laid himself upon his plank bed and died. He had had a little while before a terrible moment of spiritual desolation when the cry "I am afraid! I am afraid!" was wrung from him; but his fear gave way to peace.

He died like the soldier he was. Refusing to receive the last sacraments in bed, he insisted upon going to the church, where he administered the Viaticum to himself.

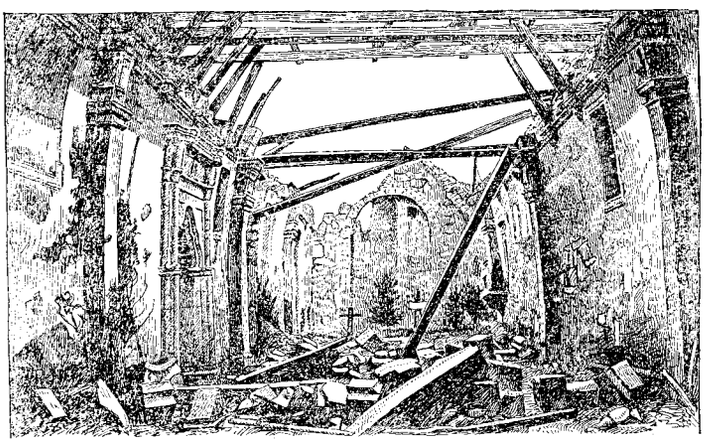
"Since I am able to walk," he said, with mingled pride and humility, "there is no reason why the Master should come here."

It was a magnificent ending to a life abounding in such incidents. For during the fourteen years in which he had limped on foot from end to end of California, founding missions, baptizing the Indians, and confirming (by special Papal brief) his neophytes, his courage had never once faltered. He had been obliged to contend with the despondency of weak, and the officiousness of unsympathetic, military governors, with the incompetent Rivera and the overbearing Fages; and even with the lack of adequate support from the Franciscans in Mexico. Moreover Indian revolts constantly threatened the life of the little colony; so that the Spanish captains were several times upon the point of abandoning what seemed to be a too difficult undertaking; but Serra's unswerving persistence, his prayers and threats and wheedlings just managed to save the enterprise that was the darling of his heart.

His great compassion for souls had driven him in late middle life from Spain, where he had been distinguished as a preacher and professor, to work among some of the most degraded savages to be found in the whole world.

They were dirty and lazy and stupid and treacherous; but Serra loved them. He found them to be, at least, gay and good-humored; they became his children; and he saw, even in the beetling brows and the crafty eyes under the tangled masses of verminous hair, so many images of Christ. He was a man hard on himself—while in Spain he used to scourge himself upon the bare shoulders with a chain in the pulpit—and in California he managed to combine private penance with a startling object lesson on Hell by burning his breast with a lighted torch. He was a man who could be stern towards others—as Rivera found to his cost, when he was excommunicated—but to the Indians he was always the gentlest and most patient of fathers.

To this man, one of the greatest of all missionaries and the true founder of California, the world is only now beginning to do justice. His missions were allowed to fall into decay: Carmel itself crumbled, and the rain soaked through the neglected adobe walls, and any local farmer who wanted timber for a barn helped himself to the beams of the church. Even the grave of Serra was lost amid the general ruin. Bayard Taylor, writing in 1849, thought that it was somewhere in Carmel churchyard; others invented a



THE CHURCH BEFORE RESTORATION

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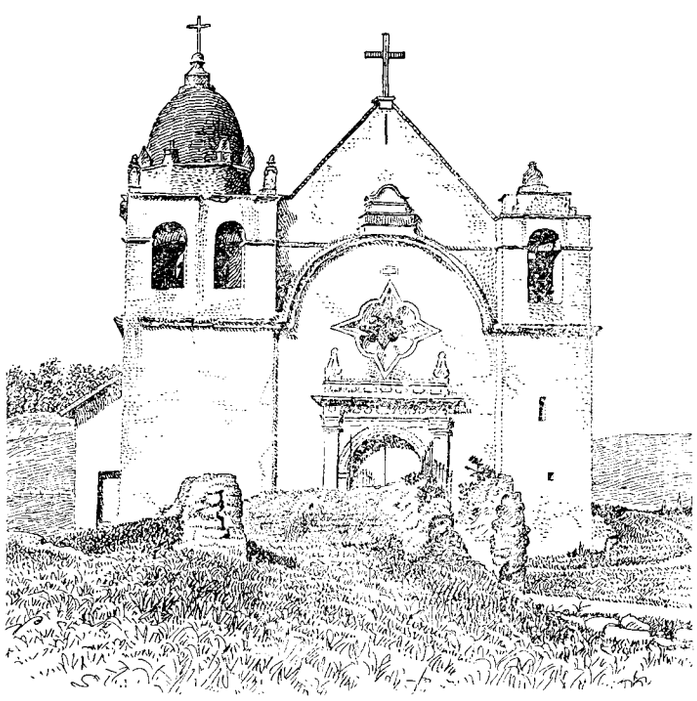
legend that the body had been carried back to Spain. But nobody was sufficiently interested in the matter to make investigations until, on July 3, 1882, Father Casanova dug and found the sacred bones upon the gospel side of the altar in Carmel mission.

Since that time Serra has steadily risen in glory. Carmel church has been restored; and Serra has come to be regarded, even among Protestants, as the local saint. This mounting wave of enthusiasm was displayed during a week in October, 1918, when the whole peninsula devoted itself to celebrating the honor of the Franciscan friar whom Carmel's mayor somewhat quaintly described as "one of the most distinguished citizens of our town." This recognition has been followed by the recent celebration which I have just attended.

To a considerable extent Serra's honor is due to the fortunate accident that, despite the decline of Monterey from its former pride, Carmel has been settled by a colony of painters and writers seeking a quiet refuge from the busy world. At least half of its rapidly increasing inhabitants profess a virtuous scorn of all materialism. And though Carmel as a centre of creative genius has been rather disappointing, in spite of the high hopes at first entertained for its Forest Theatre, there is at least enough good taste there to appreciate the mission, and enough information to appreciate Serra. Elsewhere these qualities do not generally prevail. At Monetery it would be difficult to persuade the people to give up the twiddly stenciling on the walls of their mission and to submit to its thorough restoration. And the splendid tiles of the old mission of San Gabriel were actually sold to the Southern Pacific Railroad, and now compose the roof of the station at Burlingame. But at Carmel there is a genuine love of the mission church and of its founder.



Carmel Mission

Monterey, however, celebrated the pilgrimage in its own fashion. The town was brilliant with the colors and the costumes of Spain. Girls in yellow silk and black mantillas danced in the streets with soldiers in leathern doublets and peaked helmets. Every young man grew whiskers and dressed like a toreador. The very policemen directed the traffic gorgeous in scarlet velvet, slashed with gold.

Yet it is Carmel, after all, that is the real centre of the cult of Serra, as it is Serra's shrine. Despite the little houses of shingle or beaver-board and plaster that dot its woods of pine and live oak hung with Spanish moss, one may still walk upon a deserted beach, as Serra must often have walked, and see the brisk sandpipers running up to the edge of the waves that ripple in from a placid sea. There Serra must have seen, as I saw, under a sky of rose and pale gold, while the sun sank beyond the rocky promontory and the dark trees, a round moon rising over the sand dunes, so large and low that it seemed to be a lamp hung among the lupin.

The mission church, however, is away from the main sweep of the bay, and lies in a valley where the river slides out slowly to the sea. It is said, with I know not what truth, that the spot closely resembles Carmel in the Holy Land. Certainly, the name was given by the Carmelite friars who accompanied Vizcaino, and appears in the chronicle they wrote, and they may have known the Mount Carmel in Palestine, where this great order of mystical prayer and poetry was founded ten or twelve centuries ago. But then, Carmel, California is a spot prolific in myths. It is, for instance, asserted that the "Monterey Cypress," with its branches fantastically twisted by ocean storms, is the cedar of Lebanon. Behold the exuberance of local pride! For the Monterey Cypress is certainly not a cedar—it is indigenous; and Carmel was probably so named because of the word's significance.

The woods stop short at this valley, and the fields slope down gently where the mission stands, red-tiled, with its two short bell towers, and the solid front that belies the appearance of the interior.

One is conscious of the simple awkward strength of the building. The men that constructed this church were not architects; they were priests, assisted by a few soldiers and by Indian neophytes. It all sprang from the necessity of doing the best with the materials—the blocks of adobe mud, burnt in the sun and coated, as a protection against the rain, with whitewashed plaster; and the soft yet durable stone cut from a mountain side three miles away and carried with enormous difficulty to the mission site. These builders used what few in-

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struments and opportunities were at hand experimentally. Yet they worked with no touch of diffidence and therefore beauty came into all that they did—indeed it could not help coming upon work so artless and so sincere.

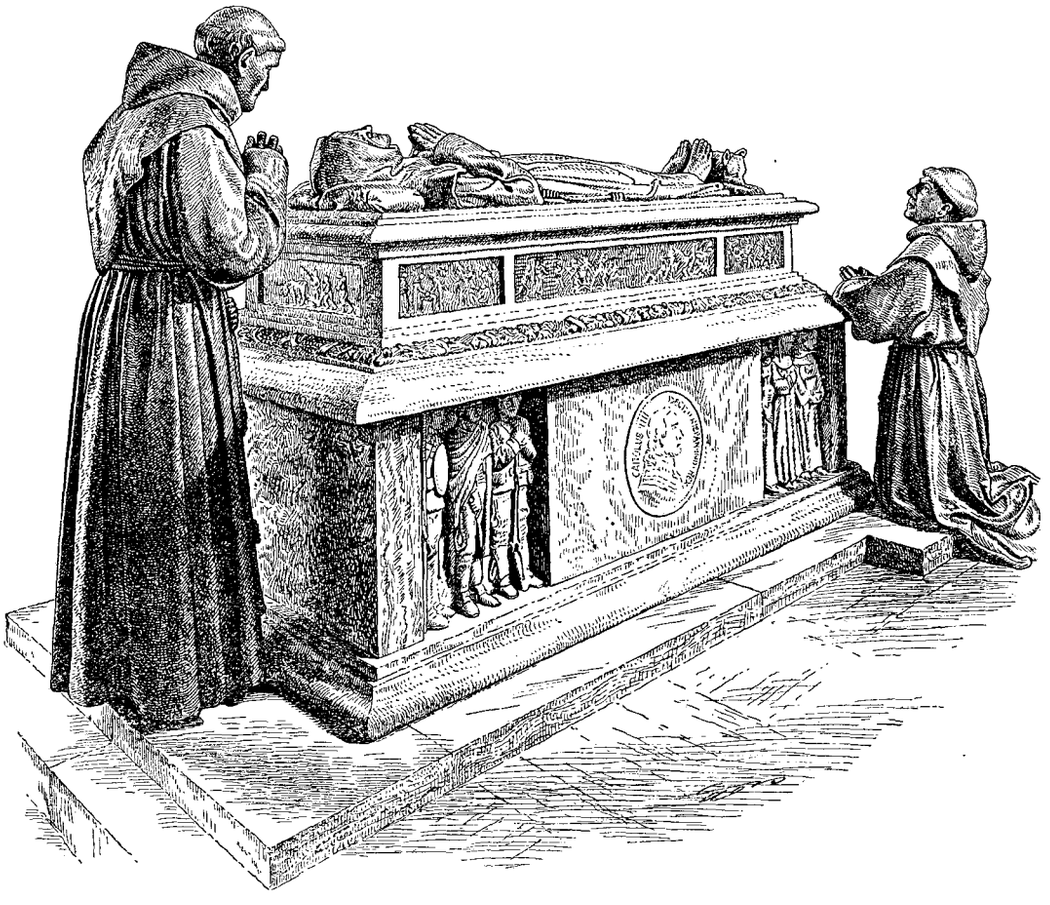
But now, with the erection of the new mortuary chapel to Serra, unveiled this week (October 12) by the representative of the King of Spain, Carmel mission has lost and not gained. The official plan is to complete the whole courtyard of buildings that originally adjoined the church. If that should be done the chapel might harmonize with the general scheme. But I doubt whether the plan will ever be carried out. It will call for a good deal of money, and there is now no practical need for the square of cells and store rooms that stood there in Serra's time.

Nor can I feel happy about the sarcophagus inside. It has been and will be extravagantly praised. And nobody can deny that it has been competently, if somewhat unimaginatively treated. But the sarcophagus is, to begin with, a sham; for Serra's body is still lying by the altar in the mission. It is cut from California marble. On it, cast in bronze, Serra lies in his Franciscan habit; and against his feet crouches a bear cub. On the base are medallions of Pope Pius VI and King Charles IV, supported by emblematic figures of Indians, neophytes, soldiers and friars; while a bronze frieze depicts various incidents in the missionary's life. But around the sarcophagus stand more than life-size figures of three friars in attitudes of lively sorrow. All the figures have been modeled fairly well. But the effect is that of an agitated crowd; and distracts attention from the main figure. The harmony is destroyed by pretentiousness.

In the chapel is an altar surmounted by a large crucifix carved in wood and colored—like the sarcophagus, the work of Jo Mora.

One indignant word more needs to be said about the way the Monterey Chamber of Commerce exploited the Pilgrimage. Father Ramon Mestres, in charge of Monterey and Carmel missions, wished to have the celebration in August, the anniversary of Serra's death. But he was overborne by business men who saw an opportunity of bringing a crowd to the peninsula during a slack season.

There is, I suppose, no help for this sort of thing. We must extract what consolation we can from the reflection that it all might have been very much worse; that the monument itself is, despite its lack of repose, better than I, for one, expected to see; and that, no matter what is done to him, Serra, with his passion and his compassion, his fierceness and his tenderness, his sanctity and his sagacity, is much too great a man for modern vulgarity or commercialism to spoil.



The Serra Monument

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LOUIS VEUILLOT

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

MORE than thirty years have passed since Louis Veuillot, the great Catholic champion and editor of l'Univers, laid down his pen forever, but the fascination of his personality, for friends and enemies alike, shows no signs of abating. He was not as age goes, a very old man when he died, having barely passed the psalmist's allotted span. But it would have been the same had he attained eighty or ninety years, or even lived on, a centenarian, into our own bewildered century and generation. There are lives which outlast the struggle that has burned away their vital flame. But such are not the lives nor the deaths of the saints. These do not close their eyes on victory, but open them upon it. The cry "they run!" is never shouted into their benumbed ears. The campaign to which they were called is one that knows no decision. Its very truces and armistices are fallacious and they know it well. They leave behind them a battle into which every generation pours fresh levies, conscripts of God or Satan. They have their triumph, but its hosannas echo through the streets of no earthly city.

Centenaries are occasions, as a rule, when enemies and panegyrists arrive at a sort of mutual liquidation. Veuillot's, held on the eve of the war, only gave the signal for fresh recrimination, fresh proof, were proof needed, how irreconcilable were the issues he had flung into the face of the world and the mask of worldly religion.

There never has been a writer who earned more abounding hatred, or who might be prouder of the hatred he earned. Opposition and calumny seemed to be the breath of life in his ireful nostrils. For him no reputation was "established"—no sublimity toplofty enough. The bigger they were, Veuillot thought, the harder they would fall. For the humble foot soldiers, the "pietons" who are trampled under foot anyhow, by friend or foe, his great heart held only pity. It was at the world's paladins he set his lance, the champions blazing in mundane pride and garlanded with the applause of the multitude. Like Alan Breck in Stevenson's romance, his heart sometimes swelled involuntarily at the thought that he was indeed a "bonny fechter."

Circumambient worldliness reeled and cried aloud under the thrusts which this sore soldier of the cross knew so well how to deliver. "Sacristy beadle!" Hugo could cry, and the taunt was some measure how deep had been the wound and how headlong the fall. To Taine he was "Monsieur Veuillot," the dishonest broker between "cassock and epaulette." Sainte-Beuve (of all men) could pull an evangelical face and accuse him of a lack of Christian charity.

And indeed, his sword, if stainless, was merciless. He asked for no quarter and would give none. Why should he show mercy to the thing against which his Master, once for all, had preached unending war? "Do you remember," he replies to a friend and colleague who had pleaded with him for greater moderation, "the word of worthy Joinville, who, watching the Saracens harry a Christian camp, although it was a Sunday, cried to a friend: 'Let us try what one charge on these Mussulman dogs will do!' And what were Mussulmans in comparison with this infamous gang for whom you ask quarter? No quarter! I swear it by God! I can feel the spurs sprouting at my very heels. My charger is neighing. My sword quivers in its sheath. Let us have at this pack!"

The anecdote is one of several related by M. André Beaunier, the eminent French critic, in a volume just published entitled Critiques et Romanciers.* Veuillot, as critic rather than Catholic polemist, is the subject of the essay with which the book opens. But Veuillot was too obsessed and driven by a single ideal to prevent his work for the cause of the Catholic church in France from overshadowing all subsidiary activities. Every word he wrote after his conversion at the age of twenty-eight was the expression of a vivid faith, held so intensely that it reacted immediately, not only to hostility but to compromise.

How explain, to the satisfaction of those who have inherited only the tradition of his "intolerance" that this swashbuckling crusader was also a keen and luminous critic (one of the five or six great masters of the nineteenth century, thinks Jules Lemaitre) whose judgments are not losing, but acquiring authority as years pass? How account for the fact that the strictures passed by him upon the gods of his day—literary blasphemies set down to prejudice and bile—are perceived, as the gilt wears off the haloes, to hold a content of truth denied to the emancipated spirits who mocked him? How, in short, refuse to admit that what the world mistook for blindness was only a refusal to be dazzled?

These judgments could be terrible. Even at the distance of fifty and sixty years their audacity staggers us. Judge what its effect must have been on the very morrow of apotheosis.

Of Lamartine—"He is a sceptic under a covering of insipid religiosity. . . He never reasons, never even sings. He vocalizes." Béranger is "the Horace of the commercial traveler, the Tyrtaeus of back-parlor Catalines, the Anacreon of boudoirs where all the world is made welcome." As for Jean-Jacques Rous-

Critiques et Romanciers, by André Beaunier. Paris: Les Editions G. Cres.

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seau, Veuillot's bête-noire—"He sought every manner of misfortune, and there was not one but was a legitimate penalty either of his baseness or his pride." Of Baudelaire—"In being merely strange he used up power that might have made him original." Veuillot could use the rapier, but, where his foes were judged unworthy of clean steel, the whip as well. Of Rabelais, whom he nevertheless ranks as one of the founders of the French language, he could exclaim—"Regard him well! Never has an exalted thought issued from those lips, whence blasphemy seems to exhale with an odor of strong wine and cheese." This is the whip. "Prejudice," if you will. But let those whom a difficult task attracts try to separate the prejudice from the insight.

Veuillot, in fact (no honest critic would deny it) possessed to the full one requirement of the Crocean school. He found himself, from the moment of his change of heart, in full possession of an "aesthetic"—a central point from which no sophistries could make him budge. Few men, even among the elect of our race have ever been so eaten up with a hunger and thirst after justice. The denial of justice, wherever he encountered it, drove him, not to madness, but to a kind of fatidic utterance. His exacerbated sense found it lacking everywhere: in the praise bestowed upon some unworthy and overweening pontiff of letters, in the obstacles thrown in the way of the Church's secular task of peace and amelioration, in the cry of the hungry sheep, given wolves as shepherds and wind to eat. It saved him from taking refuge in man-made panaceas and threw him back upon eternal verities. "How were the pompous laws inscribed on charter rolls interpreted for him?" he asks, speaking of his harassed father, dead in poverty. "If you revolt, we will kill you. If you steal, we will poison you. If you are ill, we can do nothing to help you. If you have no bread, you can go to the workhouse or die. It is none of our business which." "What a revolutionary, had he not been a Catholic!" cries M. Lemaitre. But Veuillot was no revolutionary. His mind was set on something beyond. He was the man who "fought all governments and served all." He cursed "not work, not poverty. But the impiety which robs the little ones of compensation that God willed should attach to the lowliness of their condition."

No interpretation of Veuillot is possible without some understanding of his origins and the times into which he was born in the year 1813, at Boynes, in the Loiret. From the cradle to the grave he was a man of the people. His father was a poor traveling cooper—his mother a peasant girl who brought as her marriage dowry only "the treasures of her youth and goodness." Veuillot loved to recur again and again to his humble birth. He had the pride of race which, with an uncorrupted peasantry (as with Fogazzaro) takes the place of family pride. To an aristocratic colleague in whose remarks he detected a veiled insolence, he replied (the phrase has become famous)—"I have risen from a cooper's family, monsieur. From whom do you descend?" "If I could reëstablish the nobility tomorrow, I would do so," he once declared, adding with a haughty humility that is tremendously impressive—"I wouldn't care to be one of them myself."

Even as a child his passions were tempestuous. He tried to throw himself into a well when scolded. He tore the pages out of his alphabet book to prove he had learnt his letters. He fought two duels before he was twenty. He was physically powerful. "When I was a young man," he admitted to his colleagues late in life, "I thought the ground shook as I walked." After an evening spent with his friends, Gustave Olivier and the poet Casimir Delavigne, he would pitch sand on the quays to help pay his tutor's fees. He had no discoverable austerities. He liked good wine and good food ("a sound old French vice"). He played cards (like St. François de Sales) and "hated to lose." He was no converted rake. "My disillusionments are basic ones" he told the pessimistic young poets of his generation, "and not the result of misspent days and nights." But he was a red-blooded saint, paying for his fugue and temperament with temptations that kept him humble and fearful to the end of his life. He knew the bitter side of conversion. "The pleasures for which I had such contempt when I yielded to them," he confessed, "now, when I have quitted them give me the thirst of the damned."

From a Catholic point of view the France into which Veuillot was born two years before Waterloo was a depressing one. If Napoleon was a Mahomedan at heart, Louis XVIII was a Voltairean sceptic. The Church had paid for its function as prop to the throne by a profound dis-esteem in popular sentiment. "Religion was already sick," says Jules Janin, "and the revolution of 1830 gave it its death blow." Louis Philippe paraded his disbeliefs to the extent of keeping masons and plasterers busy on the Tuileries throughout Sunday. Evidences of the decay met the eye everywhere, in closed churches, convents and monasteries turned into barracks. "Here was once a school where the children of the neighborhood were taught the commandments of God," Veuillot muses, standing before one of these last. "Today it is a guard room where drunken soldiers meditate, between blasphemies, on the commandments of their corporal." De Musset in the story of his youth gives the measure of even such official religion as persisted under the Bourbons. "The prefect assisted at high mass and dined with the bishop. But the sight of a man entering a church on a week day made every head turn."

It was not the revolution but Napoleon that had given religion its deadliest blow. The people at large were inheritors of the day when, in the entire army of Italy, the officers and men who practised their religion would not have made up a company.

(The first of two studies.)

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SCIENCE SEES THE LIGHT

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science ordinarily meets within the limits of the British Isles. But occasionally, as this year, it flits to some other part of the British Empire to spread the gospel of science. Perhaps it does not shine with quite such brilliance as it did in its early days, the days of Tyndall and Huxley—above all of Huxley whose mission it was, as someone put it, to make science respectable. That mission he certainly accomplished for, though scientific studies are still alluded to by the callow youth of the older universities in England as "stinks," they have risen to a higher position than that since the spacious days when science felt that there was little left to discover, in fact, that there was no more left for it to do than to extend the number of places of decimals of existent discoveries.

Though the historic days of conflict like those between the shallow and self-confident "Soapy Sam" Wilberforce, at the time Bishop of Oxford, and his far more skilful adversary Huxley over the then ill-understood and ill-assimilated Darwinian controversy seem to have passed, there is one thing which by itself would render this annual occasion important, and that is the summaries of scientific work which the presidential address and the addresses in the various sections give to the world. It is to the consideration of these that a short notice may be devoted.

Prior to the war one of the pontiffs of science told us that what it has taught us about nature enables us to "enjoy that happiness and prosperity which arises from the occurrence of the expected, the non-occurrence of the unexpected, and the determination by ourselves within ever expanding limits of what shall occur."

A pre-war declaration—that is obvious, for among the lessons of that dreadful time is that which presents science as a two-edged weapon capable of kindly but also of most unkindly operations; so much so that some tremble lest this Frankenstein of civilization may not also be its destroyer. But of course it can be beneficent and that is the theme of more than one address at the meeting with which we are dealing. Curiously enough, en passant, doubtless quite without agreement, it is the strand of "life" which binds so many of the addresses together—perhaps a significant fact.

Three at least of the addresses are concerned with science as the protector of life. The President of the Association, as might have been expected from one of his eminence in the bacteriological world, devoted his time to showing what great things science had accomplished since Pasteur first provided it with the key of its secret places. It is less than fifty years ago since the writer was a medical student, yet in his day bacteriology was an unknown subject. Today it and its sister serology loom larger in the medical mind than perhaps anything else. And with reason; for their triumphs have been stupendous. During the war between Great Britain and South Africa more persons died from typhoid fever than from the bullets of the enemy. During the great war that fever was almost a negligible quantity. Why? Not from climatic conditions nor those of sanitation, but from one cause alone. Sir Almroth Wright (a fellow student of the writer's) had in the interim discovered the serum prophylactic for that disease. The same story is to be told of tetanus, once an awful scourge; and in the field of peace practice, of diphtheria; of hydrophobia; of many another disease.

All the bacterial diseases have not yet a place in that list, but that all *will* have, no one doubts. There may yet be an anti-cancer serum or perhaps it will be a toxin in this case, for in a second address its writer dealt with another class of microscopic enemies of mankind. Bacteria are little one-celled plants; but their cousins, the little one-celled animals or protozoa, are equally deadly as the organisms producing malaria, sleeping-sickness and other diseases—perhaps, as hinted, cancer.

The first are combatted by anti-toxic sera or fluids on the lines originally utilized, though quite empirically, by Jenner when he first started vaccination, and afterwards scientifically elucidated by Pasteur. The second have to be destroyed by actual toxic substances—poisons—introduced into the veins of the patient suffering from the effects of the protozoon and the problem is to discover something which will kill the protozoon and at the same time will not put an end to the patient. These problems science has tackled with extraordinary success and may feel legitimate pride in its conquests.

A third address touched upon the effects of various parasites on growing things in the vegetable kingdom—the rusts and ergots which do so much damage to grain, for example—and here again science has shown the agriculturist many a remedy or preventive for scourges of this kind which formerly often nearly ruined him. All these are interesting matters, but we must pass to the point of fundamental importance which emerges from some of these addresses. It has already been mentioned that the addresses show the position of science at the moment on the great problems of the day, and a study of the discourses over a series of years will show how scientific opinion fluctuates and how the needle of its compass points in succession to every quarter.

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Let us take this very question of "life." What do we mean when we talk of living and not living things? Do we imply a difference of kind or merely of degree? The whole question of vitalism is involved in that. Is there a difference of kind or only of degree between a sparrow and the stone which a boy throws at it? The ordinary man will at once reply—of kind. But that was not what science taught fifty years ago. When Huxley delivered his address in 1874 at a meeting of the Association with which we are concerned, he told the members that in the molecules of the primitive nebula of which the solar system once consisted could be found everything which was that day discoverable in it: including of course the mind of man and all its wonderful and terrible doings. In a later address he went further and said that "the fundamental proposition" of scientific physiology was that "the living body is a mechanism."

Let us pause for a moment to consider what that fundamental proposition means. It means that since, ex hypothesi, there is no action good or bad of mankind which could not, by one skilful enough, be set down in the terms of a chemical equation, or explained as a physical operation, there is no such thing as a science of biology nor is there any such thing as morality or sin—for how can either exist where rigid chemical operations determine every action? That mechanist explanation was the dominant teaching of science for years, and the writer, who lived and worked through that period, can fully endorse the statement of Driesch, who has done so much to bring biology back into its present channel, when he speaks of the estimation in which vitalists were held by mechanists and the curious apologies made by the latter for what they thought to be the vagaries of the former. "Things," he writes, "were not pleasant for the few who, when materialism was at its zenith, guarded the tradition of the old, i.e., of the vitalistic biology. People would have preferred to have locked them up in madhouses, had not 'senility' excused them up to a certain point." How could opinion be otherwise when we had Burdon-Sanderson, then the acknowledged head of the physiological world, declaring that "for the future, the word 'vital' as distinctive of physiological processes, might be abandoned altogether."

How hard it is, as Chesterton points out, to remember that the time at which we are living is only *a* day and not *the* day. That was the heyday of cocksureness; this, as Sir Oliver Lodge told the Association not long ago, is one of "profound scepticism" of scientific truth bien entendu. Of all truth too, perhaps, like Bacon's Jesting Pilate.

Since that former day there has sprung up the new science, that was then undreamt of, called Experimental Embryology, and the man who can grasp the meaning of its discoveries and yet who can remain a mechanist has, it must be confessed, a most illogical mental apparatus of no small interest.

Take the findings of a fourth address—that in the Zoölogical Section—and we find the President of that section, a man of great distinction, telling his auditors that the study of life by the methods of this science shows that the egg and its parts, and the embryo and its parts, are autonomous and capable of regulation. It is the direct opposite of the mechanist explanation. "Every egg a law unto itself," another scientist once said half in joke, but there is profound truth in the saying, and the address to which we have been alluding proceeds to state that after this study of the nature of the organization "it became [to many minds] a problem incapable of solution on the classic physico-chemical hypothesis of the nineteenth century. To an increasing number of biologists life becomes an ultimate natural category sharing, with matter and energy, our conception of the universe." The writer of the address is not singular in this, for many another similar expression could be quoted in these later days, and it is now true to say that the mechanist view is the "senile" as the reverse used to be tauntingly called forty years ago.

The wheel has turned a full circuit and where has it stopped? That is a really significant fact, for it has stopped at the point where all the time Scholasticism has been standing. The modern theory is that of St. Thomas 600 years ago, and of Aristotle long before him—and thus, as in the case of the nature of the chemical elements, the conservation of matter and energy and other things, science has just arrived at the point reached by pure thought centuries ago.

Now of course, as already noted, the mechanistic theory of life connoted a mechanistic explanation of psychology—to speak of a mechanistic psychology seems to be a contradiction in terms—and that in fact is what was attempted and is attempted by those curious persons, the Behaviourists, whose task seems to be that of enclosing the Atlantic Ocean in a pint pot. In a fifth address the President of the Section of Psychology, Professor McDougall of Harvard, has some wise words to say on this subject. He sums up the mechanistic view as "a bundle of mechanical reflexes, a superior penny-in-the-slot machine, whose workings are mysteriously accompanied by various 'elements of consciousness.'" And he proceeds to urge that no intelligent discussion of human affairs is possible, without the use of such terms as motive, intention, desire, will, responsibility, aspiration, ideal, striving, effort, interest, all of which involve the notion of purposiveness. Let us pause for a moment and ask ourselves if that is not true. Could we get on without such conceptions as those enumerated? Clearly we could not. But what possible place have any of them in a mechanist philosophy? None whatever. The late Mr. Mallock summed it up in the words of his Professor Paul Darnley in Positivism on an Island, or the New Paul and Virginia. "If we would be solemn, high and happy and heroic and saintly, we have

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but to strive and struggle to do what we cannot for an instant avoid doing."

Is it not so? Where do all those important words, motives, and the rest, come in if we are a mechanism and can only do what we must? The mechanistic explanation of life has fallen before the fire of new facts and the mechanist explanation of mind is going with it. It was the same Professor McDougall who delivered in his Body and Mind (a very remarkable work) the first great attack in recent years on the mechanist explanation. He jocularly alluded to the fact that it was odd to find the doctrine of the soul defended as he was defending it, "outside the walls of a Roman Catholic seminary." It is not the only truth which has been habitually taught within such walls and to which science is now returning, with some reluctance no doubt, but none the less surely. It is well for us to recognize our place in this retreat, for science after all is coming back to us as Scholastics—a fact very little realized even by the multitudes of well-read men who are in lamentable ignorance of the teachings of that school of philosophy.

MEMOIRS OF A NOBODY

By HELEN WALKER

IT IS very pleasant to be a nobody. To begin with, there is the obvious advantage that nothing is expected of one. The world will not be disappointed if one remains commonplace and unsensational.

Then there is the realization that, as a nobody, one is filling a real need in the motion of the world. For the progress of civilization, the great must be encouraged to thrive and flourish, and if it weren't for the obscure, they would have a sorry time of it. For whence the spell-bound audiences, the acclaiming crowd, the huzzahing populace—but for the nobodies? They are the givers of banquets, the tenderers of floral tributes, the subscribers to memorials. They are the constituents, and the acceptors of theories. They really read Who's Who and the Social Register.

They leaven society, and form a sort of perpetual fire extinguisher to the incipient volcanic eruptions which threaten, where a fraction too many of the great are gathered together. For centuries the nobodies have struggled manfully to keep the lighted cigarette away from the open gasoline tank—to temper, by their presence, meetings between the Bernard Shaws and the Emersons, the Cooks and the Perrys, the Fiona Macleods and the Theodore Dreisers. Due to them, mammoth intellectual casualties have been averted. The great take comfort in them—soft, silent buffers against which their theories may bounce with abandon, unchallenged, uninjured.

On the other hand, the nobodies, secure in their obscurity, draw satisfaction from observing that they, the unfamed, share certain human qualities in common with the mighty ones of earth. Both react in a measure similarly to the gentle influences of affection, humor, and food—a pleasant observation that I have delighted in.

The great have always fascinated me, alive or dead. When they have been in the latter state, I have revelled in their personal memoirs, finding more of absorbing interest, I blush to state, in the discovery of their human qualities, than in their flashes of genius.

Napoleon poring over his Dream Book is far more thrilling to me than Napoleon directing the Italian campaign. (I have a Dream Book, but have never been to Italy.) I glow over the accounts of George Washington's butchers' and grocers' bills, while the winter at Valley Forge leaves me cold.

As for the living great, whenever chance has thrown me in their presence, I have reconciled the incongruity of the situation by remembering the maxim about the cat and the king, and have forthwith fallen to observing the very thrilling demonstration of their humanness.

Edward Penfield, the eminent illustrator, from whom colors have actually taken their names (you may either be an artist or a daughter of a President to have a color named for you—no one else is eligible) once observed of the shade of my new fall costume:

"That will be the doggy color for autumn."

More than ever was I convinced of his eminence.

Sir Harry Johnston, author of delightful novels and serious scientific books on the fauna and flora of Africa, was host one sunny day at a small luncheon at his thirteenth century Priory home at Arundel in England. Someone asked him whether it was true that a certain variety of oysters "grew on trees." Sir Harry explained that there are oysters, which when the tide is high, fasten to the lower branches of trees—submerged for the time in water. When the tide recedes, it leaves them clinging to the branches.

"There they hang," he said, sympathetically, "having a nice, dry time."

Afterwards, on the seat under the long, low leaded window of his study, I gazed out into the most enchanting of rose gardens, intoxicating with its color and fragrance—a garden such as one sees only in England. Behind me, imbedded in the wall, stretched the long grave-stone of a crusader, with its simple cross hewn down its length. It had been dug up in the Priory grounds. Sir Harry took me over the lovely, winding passages of the house, showed me the exquisite ceiling of what had been the old chapel, and the little stone

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holy water fount that the workmen had uncovered under layers and layers of walls.

"I don't like old houses," said his charming, quaint little Victorian sister, Miss Johnston, who also lives in the Priory, and who read our palms in the afternoon. She seemed to be looking past us at things unseen by us. We had heard before our visit, rumors of a "haunt" at the Priory—but Sir Harry only laughed when an ancient tapestry, stirred by we knew not what, fluttered on the wall.

It was during the same summer that P. D. Ouspensky, the Russian psychologist and mystic, author of Tertium Organum, was lecturing twice a week in London to a limited group. Of the literary great, it included Katherine Mansfield, A. R. Orage, Algernon Blackwood, and other well known writers. There was, in the group, a suitable leavening of nobodies. The lectures were preparatory to more advanced study at the Institute Gurdjieff at Fontainebleau, and thither, as everyone knows, Katherine Mansfield followed the teaching, only to meet her death there a few months later—the result of a prolonged illness. In the course of the work in London arose the need of an English-speaking person to help Mr. Ouspensky in his translations of certain things from the Russian. What an opportunity for a nobody! Thereafter I had the privilege on certain days of working alone with him. The first time, I was somewhat awed at his intellectual grandeur. Then suddenly into his library where we were working, walked a great gray cat.

"Vaska!" cried Mr. Ouspensky (or something that sounded exactly like that—he told me it was Russian for Pussy), and papers and pencils and books fluttered and fell, regardless, from his lap, as he delightedly stroked the soft, gray back rubbing against him. Immediately I was happy, for even as I have a Dream Book like Napoleon, so have I a pet cat like Ouspensky. Frequently when we were struggling for the proper English equivalent to some Russian term of mysticism or psychology, Ouspensky, glancing out of the window into the Kensington street, would jump up, papers flying like snow flakes, to dash for his camera. From the window, I would see Vaska poised gracefully on a fence, holding converse with another of his kind. If they scampered off before the camera was adjusted we would stand eagerly, patiently, waiting Vaska's return—psychology neglected and forgotten.

One of England's distinguished writers, John Ayscough, who, away from the backs of his books, is Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, a venerable retired chaplain of the British army, has white hair that falls over a face illumined by the spiritual and the intellectual. Meeting him for the first time after he had delivered a lecture on English literature, I sought in my mind a proper way in which to express my appreciation of it. But before I had found it, I heard him exclaim, seriously:

"I say—What a smart hat you've got on!"

It dangled a long silver tassel, and while I was proud of it, I had never dared hope that it would excite the admiration of such an eminent ecclesiastic. However, the sympathy of the great for a pretty hat, immediately made the nobody beam, and we became friends.

This friendship was later irrevocably cemented. Travelers of that year remember that in England the children (and more grown-ups than will admit) played Beaver. For the uninitiated, the technique of the game consists in being the first one to shout irreverently "Beaver!" on the appearance of whiskers. Red whiskers are the mark of a Royal Beaver. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew undertook to show me Salisbury Cathedral, near which his charming Queen Ann residence lies. Into its dim, glorious vastness we entered one summer day, and proceeded up the nave, examining the carved tombs of crusaders and nobility that stretch on either side—under some of which lie ancestors of the Monsignor.

"This," said the venerable author-ecclesiastic, pausing before one of the tombs, "is perhaps the most perfect piece of carving in the Cathedral. The delicate—Beaver!"

And my startled gaze rose to see a whiskered sightseer peering at something opposite us. It was then I discovered, that alike to the great and the obscure, whiskers are humorous.

One evening I went to a dinner party at The Hill, the estate of Viscount Leverhulme, who began his brilliant career as untitled William Lever. When I was placed next to our delightful septuagenarian host —England's lord of commerce—at the table, I frankly told him I was perturbed.

"Why?" he asked.

"I come from America—a land shorn of titles—and though I've been told a letter addressed to you should read 'The Right Honorable the Viscount Leverhulme' [how do the English ever find envelopes wide enough?] frankly, I really don't know what to call you."

"Call me Will," promptly said the Right Honorable, the Viscount Leverhulme.

Not long afterwards, a very great, very famous literary giant was invited to dinner in the house where I was visiting. I was suffering from a heavy cold, and when whiskey was brought after dinner, my hostess insisted that I partake, to cure my cold. The literary giant, though austere, had a smile in his eye. Therefore I said, eyeing the full bottle:

"Do you think there is enough here for both of us?"

"Not if you take the first drink," quoth he.

Yes, it is pleasant to be a nobody. There is the mind of genius and the commonplace mind; but pussy cats, and hats with silver tassels, and whiskers, and whiskey—recognize no distinction. They kindle the same spark in each.

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SIX POEMS

Fuchsia Hedges in Connacht

I think some saint of Eirinn, wandering far,
Found you, and drew you here,
Damosels!
(For so I'll greet you in this alien air.)

And like those maidens who were only known
In their own land as Children of the King,
Daughters of Charlemagne,
You have, by following that pilgrim-saint
Become high votresses!
You've made your palace-beauty dedicate,
And your pomp serviceable!
You stand before our folds.

I think you came from some old Roman land:
Most alien, but most Catholic are you:
Your purple is the purple that enfolds
In Passion Week, the Shrine;
Your scarlet is the scarlet of the Wounds!

You stand beside the furzes in our fields,
You bring before our walls, before our doors,
Lamps of the Sanctuary!
And, in this stony place,
The time the robin sings,
Through your bells rings the Angelus!

PADRAIC COLUM.

The Oregon Trail

The grizzled trapper of the log stockade,
Gaudy in buckskin sewn with beads and bells,
Hawk-eyed, his ears still echoing the yells
Of fierce Dakotas riding on their raid;
The coulee's murmur in the willows' shade;
The glaring prairie; Indian village smells;
Dust of the bison herd; the miracles
Of hardihood whereby the West was made;

Half fabulous from page on page they rise,
Traced by an ailing hand, with failing eyes,
Till, dark upon a clear and golden sky,
The heroic Ogallallah lifts his lance
And hurls, where war plumes in the distance dance,
His doomed and unintelligible cry.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Turquoise Bowl

A bowl in the hand is the earth
A carved fragile thing that you hold—
Lacquer, turquoise and gold.
Oh, lift it and turn it and see
The winged sun sting its side like a bee.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

To Alice Meynell, In Pace

There long shall stand adown the cypress paths
A vase of alabaster faintly scrolled
With Phidian dancers, wreathing in their hold
Thy name amid the sunset aftermaths.

Here snowy birds of love shall build their raths
By dawns and twilights, where thine eyes unfold
In calm on him whose beauty's rime is told
As lilies lift above their marshy baths.

Out on the blustry moors the merchant train
Shall breast the winters; soft behind the pane
New lamps shall start and warmer hearth fires glow;
Life's lodestone pluck fresh stars reflecting thine;
With years convening solemnly and slow
To nurse the flame upon thy deathless shrine.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Old Woman

She keeps her nook, sitting with folded hands
And looking abroad with dim unquestioning gaze,
Her heart grown strangely quiet and tolerant.
She has learned patience: those she loved are gone,
And youth is gone, and all the dreams of youth,
And grief itself hath found its natural ending,
And now she feels there is no more to learn.

Placid she sits in gnarled simplicity,
Not hills nor rocks more tranquil, and even as they
She bears Time's marks upon her patiently.
Hers is the sober wisdom of the years,
And now she waits for what she knows will come,
Breathing the calmness of all quiet things,
Twilight and silence and a heart at peace.

JOHN BUNKER.

Moon Cup

She holds a curvéd cup of dreams
Within her ash-white hands,
As midst her singing stars she moves
Above the darkling lands.

And thence with fingers fairy-light
She lifts them one by one,
Earth's parchéd minds besprinkling
Till all her dreams are gone.

Then followed by her waning stars,
She sinks to gentle rest,
In silver silence canopied
Upon the dawn's young breast.

ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

What Price Glory

IT is a lamentable failing in most of us that when we go to the theatre we make liberal allowances for any play that embodies our pet ideas. An editor of one of our contemporary pacifistic weeklies told me that he never expects to see again this season a play equalling or approaching What Price Glory. There was a note of unqualified zeal in his approval which leads me to suspect a bias of sympathy rather than calm appraisal. It is a good play, but by no means great, and while I rather resent the charge that it is a parading of pacifist philosophy, there is just enough material in it of the kind that gives the pacifist a good meal ticket to make it highly acceptable in the pacifist bomb-proofs.

It is, as nearly everyone now knows, the photographic and phonographic portrayal of the life of a company of marines near and on the firing lines in France. In it you see the double effect of war on a plentiful variety of men—disintegration on the one hand and heroic discipline on the other. These marines for the most part show an ironic contempt for the realities of war. When opportunity offers, they drink, they curse, they gamble, they fight among themselves and indulge in bare-handed love rivalries. It is not "pretty"—and it is all very true. It shows you war as it is fought, and not at all as it is sung in romantic ballads and the poems of empire. It shows you what men in the midst of war think about war. And their thoughts are in no wise those of the political orator or of the club ancients who discuss the fate of much younger men over afternoon tea substitutes and mellow cigars. To this extent, the play is strong, truthful and courageous. But even this does not, of itself, make it a great play.

In the first place, the true germ of drama which it contains is heavily obscured by verbiage. The verbiage is interesting, just as a phonograph record might be interesting, because it is a transcription of language that you do not hear every day, of thoughts that men express only under great emotional strain, of moods that men experience as a rule only once in a generation. It is interesting as some of Philip Gibbs's later writings are interesting, as a revelation of things long hidden, or as a discussion of the life habits and beliefs of the Negrillos is interesting. If its use were confined to dramatic purposes, to the furtherance of action and situation, it would help to make the impulse of the play more forceful because more truthful.

But for the most part, this verbiage, this slang of the soldier, this philosophy under fire, retards the dramatic movement, and in the case of the rather notorious blasphemies (some of which, I understand, have now been forcibly suppressed) they merely convict the authors of unconscionably bad taste. Decency has compelled the authors, even in their over-zealous quest of realism, to omit many obvious physical details of dugout life. There is no reason why this same decency should not apply to misuse of the name of God or of Christ. The banning of one and the inclusion of the others displays a lack of proportion and judgment, and gives ground for suspicion that in many other ways real drama has suffered through the quest for sensation.

Now the real thread of drama running through this play is the perpetual human conflict, which war exaggerates a hundred times, between self-love and ready sacrifice. I am almost inclined to say that in spite of the authors, it is a play that captures the true heroism of war more than any play of the last decade. There is not a man of this whole company of marines who, under the impact of fire, fails to show the most dogged heroism of which humanity is capable—the determination to obey and to do the hateful and the fearful thing, no matter what the cost. This is not the ballad-singing heroism of the man who knows no fear, but it is most emphatically the sublimer heroism of the man who knows the full agony of terror and still goes on. You may acknowledge, when the play is over, that the price of glory is stupefying, but you will never deny the glory itself—the conquest of a self that has become vastly more assertive, vastly more primitive, vastly more degraded, vastly more destructive as an enemy, through a discipline and a self-sacrifice that have likewise become more powerful—irresistible, in fact. That is why I refuse to call it a pacifist play. The pacifist play would tell you that there is no glory. What Price Glory merely asks you a question, one that every sane man asks himself a hundred times a year, whether the glory of war is such that no other way need be found to settle the fate of a dynasty or the control of an oil field.

Without admitting it as a great play, because it is not so much a play at all as it is a record of incidents and pointed situation, I still readily acknowledge that it holds your attention in a firm grip throughout the evening, and that it leaves you with a definite contribution of thought and novel emotion. Moreover, it is well acted. Louis Wolheim, whom most will remember as the Hairy Ape of Eugene O'Neill's play, has a chance here to create a character more within the normal scope of observation, a character of humor, tenderness, irony and unredeemable toughness. He succeeds beyond expectation. Without him, What Price Glory would seem far less of a play. He manages to throw about it some of the very glamor of heroism which the authors have tried so diligently to eschew.

The Miracle

WHEN The Miracle reopened this fall, the cast included several new members, whose presence I found to be a distinct asset. Chief among them was Mr. Boroslawsky as the Emperor.

This is a part which has suffered in the past productions through lack of dignity. Mr. Boroslawsky makes the Emperor stand out as a truly tragic figure.

We understand that The Miracle is to be shown in at least one other American city. Whether or not it would be possible, in any other setting than the one it now occupies, to convey the same sense of mediaeval pageantry and mystic beauty remains to be seen. It is, of its kind, the most stupendous theatrical effort ever made in this country, marred unfortunately, by several serious lapses of good taste, and by the intrusion of stage business inspired more by Freud than by the famous mediaeval legend itself.

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Bewitched

IF you can imagine Parsifal boldly setting out for the Gralzburg in a Liberty-motored airplane and handicapped by a Boston ancestry; if, moreover, you can picture him as possessed of a smattering of psychoanalysis, a back-woods accent, no humor whatsoever and armed only with an obtuse skull, then you will have a dim notion of the play with which Edward Sheldon (who ought to know better) and Sidney Howard (who, I am sure, does know better) have presented us.

But you will not get at the full inwardness of Bewitched unless you realize that its authors set out to perform an ambitious feat and fell into a snare that has turned their poem into a mocking-bird's travesty. There is, I think, a real reason for their utter failure to achieve the beauty and mysticism they are aiming at—a reason quite independent of their dramatic technique or their patent inability to sustain an artistic height. This reason is a muddled mind—a mind which, as a composite play-writing machine, is so bathed in current materialism and pseudo-spirituality that it can not distinguish between earth and Heaven, between man and God, between the brain and soul. You feel that by instinct these authors are seeking to express something quite fine and noble. But their confused mental judgment blocks their way. They are afraid to accept God as the source of spiritual strength, so they substitute human love.

Perhaps the story will better illustrate my point.

The American aviator crashes in an obscure French forest and becomes the self-invited guest of an impoverished Marquis and his charming granddaughter. Being of the old régime, the Marquis keeps the girl in the dim background. The aviator has caught but one captivating glimpse of her.

During dinner, the Marquis shows his Bostonese guest an old tapestry portraying a family legend. A remote ancestor, who also lived alone with a granddaughter, was a sorcerer. The young knights of France who came to seek the girl's hand were invariably led to their doom—all except Roland, who resisted all the old man's enchantments and temptations and thus broke the spell, winning the maiden's love.

The aviator falls asleep and proceeds to live through the story of Roland—strangely reminiscent of Francis Wilson in When Knights Were Bold, but with the important difference that the latter was intentional comedy whereas Bewitched is meant to be serious allegory.

In the aviator's dream, the Marquis becomes the sorcerer (of course) and a thinly disguised Mephistopheles. (In Parsifal he is Klingsor.) The granddaughter becomes the girl of double personality, a sweet, loving creature by day instantly enamored of the aviator (Boston ancestry included) and a temptress by night under the sorcerer's spell. (In Parsifal she is Kundry.) Satan, or the sorcerer, wagers with the aviator that before the night is over, he will forget the granddaughter and kiss another woman.

Then ensue several temptation scenes, with green and red lights, ghosts, trap doors, magic curtains and all the paraphernalia of a select musical review, even to the music itself—well intentioned clap-trap that merely offends good taste. Of course the aviator, holding the granddaughter's talisman fast to his heart, resists each onslaught and breaks the Satanic power. The temptations are all very Freudian, supposed to be subconscious longings, even to the threadbare Oedipus complex. The trouble is, first, that the authors laboriously explain each symbolism as it springs up (Satan even talks about dream analysis to make sure that no one will miss the point) and, secondly, that the love which is supposed to conquer Satan is quite as earthly and insecure and Freudian as the temptations themselves. It seems never to have occurred to the authors that even the subjective Satan hidden in each of us can only be conquered by a spiritual force which the pre-Freudian world called Grace. Wagner knew this when he wrote Parsifal—with the result that he created an enduring dramatic poem. Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Howard do not know it—or perhaps won't admit it—with the result that they have produced a dramatic hodgepodge.

There are two really charming interludes, however—the opening scene of the dream in the magic forest and the concluding scene on the mountain top. Here we have a flash of poetic instinct of the Maeterlinck order. Throughout the play, the acting of Florence Eldridge as the granddaughter also does much to redeem an impossible muddle. She battles bravely with her part, saves many a situation from becoming ridiculous, shows versatility, personal charm and exceptional diction (for Broadway) and makes us clamor to see her in a better play. Glenn Anders as the aviator is no better than the play in its own worst spots. José Ruben as the Marquis is delightful. As Satan he is grotesque. But I imagine that is chiefly the fault of the authors. For Edward Sheldon a thorough re-reading of the Divine Comedy might prove a good mental prescription just now. He is dangerously near becoming a mystagogue—certainly a vulgar fate for so much talent.

The Haunted House

AFTER you have been duly thrilled and tantalized by any of the mystery plays of the last few seasons, and if you are now ready to have a good laugh at your own thrills, you will find The Haunted House the correct prescription. Recall from the dim past Seven Keys to Baldpate or from recent times The Bat or The Bride or In the Next Room. Recall, too, that in spite of your better judgment, you often sat on the edge of your chair and moaned with suspense. Be frank enough to admit that you enjoyed the hokum of it all—and then you will be ready to see The Haunted House with good grace. It is like the times, long ago, when the parlor magician used to expose some of his own tricks—just to make you feel humble—and would then startle you all over again by a new legerdemain. In other words, Owen Davis has prepared some surprises of his own for you. You may still move forward in your chair—only that this time you will feel doubly ridiculous because of the author's broad wink across the footlights.

The Werewolf

OF all the plays with a continental twist, which New York managers have recently tried to foist on the American public, The Werewolf is undoubtedly the best example of the kind of play which should never be produced at all.

The chief regret is to see an artist of the calibre of Laura Hope Crewes lending her ability and gracious charm to this performance. The play is a portrayal of mental filth that would find its right lodging only in quarantine.

(A brief summary of many current productions will be given in the next issue.)

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart or thy library.—C. LAMB.

THE library of the Calvert Club differs in two respects at least from the ordinary club library. First, it is not simply a place where elderly gentlemen go to sleep, or where you occasionally hunt for somebody who has disappeared—it is really used. And, again, you may talk as well as read in our library. Of course, there are alcoves where the real bookworm, that natural solitary, may retire and be quite alone, but around the fireplace at the end of the long room, where the big window overlooks the great spaces of the park, we may freely talk and swap stories drawn from or suggested by the books or papers we have been reading, or people we have met. From time to time, the librarian jots down some of the things that are said. Perhaps he does so in order to salve a conscience guiltily aware of a propensity to spend too much time in the corner.

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Naturally enough, the talk last week was mostly shop talk. The proofs of the first number of The Commonweal were coming from the printer. Sticky, smudgy proofs, with the heads on wrong, the matter bristling with the impish tricks of that especially tricky little devil who is attached to all printers—but romantic, but charming, but beautiful proofs. First proofs! If any editor, still more any writer, ever loses the thrill that galley proofs bring—let him instantly retire to the Old Hacks Home; he is ready for the ladle of the button moulder. And we are not! Even that member of the staff who is known as Doctor Angelicus (for reasons possibly more allied to the bodily than to the mental "form" of the "Dumb Ox") performed something obesely resembling a dance (and a rather jazzy one). He even made a sort of pun. "At last," said he, "behold the proofs of our existence. The Commonweal now is—until now it has only been a dream."

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Not only Doctor Angelicus became frivolous—everybody was chattering, everybody was gay, everybody fluttered those charming proofs about. The Statistician was heard saying over and over again (though nobody disputed him): "I always said that this was not a business enterprise. We have started on an adventure!" The Critics (of books, of drama, of science, of art, of Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses, of each other) forgot to look pontifical; perhaps they were too busy looking up (in the proofs) their various proclamations, or bulls. In short, there was a rowdy time in our quiet corner. We shall quite probably have to place a Puritan on the staff, to preserve some sense of law and order, some atmosphere of dignity.

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In fact, this idea was suggested, and was promptly voted upon in the affirmative, and Doctor Angelicus was deputized to go forth and find and return with a Puritan. (He will report upon his commission later on.) The Chief Reviewer was reminded by this incident of the curious ideas entertained by otherwise well-informed people on the subject of Papists. Having been reading the galley proofs of Recollections of a Happy Life, by the late Maurice Francis Egan, he read us the following anecdote from a passage describing the fast and furious dinner parties that were given by Edgar Fawcett in the olden days. "I never saw Edgar Fawcett so angry as he was at the end of one of these little dinners when he asked me:

" 'If your priest told you to go out and stand under a cold shower when you had a fever, would you not be forced to do it?' I promptly answered: 'No, I'd see him in Purgatory first!' Fawcett became red in the face. 'Notice, gentlemen,' he said, 'here is a Papist who not only refuses to obey his church, but he blasphemes!' "

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It has to be recorded that a slight chill crept over the group, when the Editor was heard saying that of course he realized that for a mere editor to make suggestions to such exalted beings as modern Critics evidenced extreme temerity, but that nevertheless, he hoped that The Commonweal might be spared from reaching such pinnacles of critical omniscience as seemed to have become the fashion to preach from elsewhere. "After all," he said, "since most critics disclaim any other than a purely impressionistic basis for their judgments, and deny with vehemence all alliance with 'dogmatism,' it is an excessively singular phenomenon of a singular time that so many critics should be expressing themselves in tones full of dogmatic thunder. Can we keep away from it in The Commonweal? It is doubtful, but let us try. As examples of this tone of personal dogmatism, which is so rampant in current criticism, we cull at random from some of our contemporaries.

"In the Literary Review of The New York Evening Post, I find that Mr. Edwin Bjorkman, writing of Aldous Huxley, says that Mr. Huxley, is 'an artist highly disciplined, and in full command of every resource, every finesse, every laboriously established tradition of his chosen craft.' I am quite willing to believe that Mr. Huxley is a skilful writer, but if he is in *full* command of *every* resource, *every* finesse, *every* laboriously established tradition of his chosen craft, what a monster of perfection in a world where perfection is so rarely achieved must he be. In 'Books,' I find Elinor Wylie, reviewing Mr. E. M. Forster's A Passage to India, speaking of her 'absolute conviction that he alone of living writers can understand without effort and relate without obscurity the smallest and the greatest reflection of the human mind.' Which, again, seems rather to place Mr. Forster upon a peak of unique perfection. But he cannot, after all, it would seem, be permitted to occupy that peak in solitary uniqueness—at least not if Mr. Gregory Mason is right in his review of Mr. Rockwell Kent, of whom he says: 'Kent writes as if he were divinely mad or superhumanly sane. . . Offhand, one can think of no other American writer whose point of view is so like God's.'

"Yet, possibly," continued the Editor while the doubtful critics looked upon him with somber eyes, "it may be better for The Commonweal critics to be solemn and impassible pontiffs, in the style just quoted, rather than to subject themselves to such physiological discomforts in pursuing their solemn avocation, as seems to be the sad fate of Mr. Burton Rascoe, according to his report of his experiences when reading Elliot's Waste Land. Here is Mr. Rascoe's diagnosis of his symptoms—

> Discount, then the irrelvant fact that a mere reading of this poem induced in me such physiological phenomena as may be described as a rushing of hot, feverish blood to the head, a depressing sense of weight about the heart, moisture in the palms and eyes, tremors in the nerves, and increased rapidity of respiration—in short, the accountable and visible phenomena attending ecstasy, wonder and despair (or, perhaps, intimations of poignant beauty) and then ask appropriately and reasonably: "But what is the poem's aesthetic significance? Wherein lies its beauty?"

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What the critics replied to the Editor will never be known, as the Editor, refuses as a general rule to run things "to be continued in our next."—THE LIBRARIAN.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Curious Chapters in American History, by Humphrey J. Desmond. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.50.

DR. HUMPHREY J. DESMOND discusses in a frank and amiable manner some of the more interesting moot questions in our American history, his topics ranging from the question of naming America to the relation of events of "Our Livelier Presidential Campaigns."

"The Captain Kidd Legend" is treated with a proper emphasis on the action of Lord Bellomont, the English governor. "The Colonial Irish" are shown to have been more largely of Southern stock than it is customary for our average historian to allow. "The Religious Liberty Amendment" is admirably clarified. "Was Mrs. Surratt Guilty?" "The Original Ku Klux Klan," and "The Rank of American Cities" furnish very timely reading.

In the chapter regarding the population of our American cities many will be surprised to learn that it was not until the census of 1820 that New York out-distanced Philadelphia as the largest city of our country—Philadelphia having for over thirty years possessed 10,000 inhabitants in excess of her rival. Chicago in 1850 appears on the list as the twelfth city in size in America, and only in 1890 becomes the second city in the list, where she still holds the same position.

Success in a New Era, by James J. Walsh. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.25.

WRITTEN in the easy charming style for which Dr. James J. Walsh is distinguished, Success in a New Era proves to be a work of popular scientific advice on the preservation of health and the building up of personal character. As a "success book" it will bear comparison with the widespread works of Marsden Swett, with the added advantage that success is interpreted with less emphasis on its materialistic side and greater importance given to the moral ambitions.

Hence, this book of Dr. Walsh ought to have special value for the educator or for the young person with sufficient conscience regarding his (or her) health and character to listen and profit by the advice of a really great scholar in philosophy as well as medicine.

The Peep-Show Man, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

MR. PADRAIC COLUM has shown his fine story telling qualities often enough for us to be ready with a hearty welcome for The Peep-Show Man. We envy the little ones of six and eight years who are ready with their pennies for a peep into his marvelous box.

The Princess Swallow-Heart is a story to hear over a bowl of milk and porridge in a warm corner of the nursery on a morning at Christmastide.

The poet in Padraic Colum carries us back on magic wings and we find ourselves wistfully sighing over vanished days of childhood.

Le Correspondant (Paris, France) of October, contains several papers concerned with matters of interest to English and American readers. There is a thoroughly documented study of the school controversy in Oregon, La Liberté Scolaire aux Etats-Unis, by William D. Guthrie of the New York Bar; Des Souvenirs, from the English of the late Joseph Conrad; and Les Souvenirs d'un Editeur Américain, Walter Page.

There is also a highly interesting study of La Secte des Napoléoniennes en Russie showing the strange combinations of local religions and occultisms that occur in the Russian communities. The learning, timeliness and reserve of Le Correspondant must arouse general admiration.

The Catholic Woman's Outlook (London, England) for October is the second issue of a bi-annual that leaves an excellent impression of the ideals of the body of English women who devote themselves, whole-heartedly, to this work. It is refined, stimulating and exquisitely feminine, without any frills or foolishness to encourage a misogynist critic.

It contains among other things, excellent articles on Family Endowment and Women in Factory Life, and a very charming interpretation from an English point of view of Louise Imogen Guiney, who, we can assure the author, Miss Erin Samson, is a great figure in American letters.

The Menorah Journal (New York) for August-September, 1924, is a magazine highly creditable to its editors and contributors. Art and opinions are advanced along radical lines and are what we ordinarily expect of the self-conscious, self-respecting Hebrew. There is little to offend the Gentile mind in the rather large claims some of these writers make for Jewish influence on history and philosophy. The Notes for a Modern History of the Jews, by E. E. C., with its mixture of large assertions, ironies and character sketches is extremely well done.

THE Commonweal reserves for a future number a review by Dr. Lynn Thorndike of a highly important work of research—Material for a History of Pope Alexander VI, by the scholarly Mgr. Peter de Roo (Bruges, Desclée de Brouwer, 1924.) Dr. Thorndike—distinguished among authorities for his History of Mediaeval Europe (1917 and 1920)—will discuss the findings of Mgr. de Roo, in which the latter takes issue with Gregorovious and Catholic historians like Pastor, who, he thinks, have bowed too weakly to the storm of inuendo and hatred in the chronicles that deal with the figure of Alexander de Borgia.

CONTRIBUTORS

Hoffman Nickerson is the author of The Inquisition, Military and Political Study of its Establishment, and formerly contributed frequently to the New Witness.

G. K. Chesterton, who will write for The Commonweal, contributes to this issue an article in his most vigorous vein.

Theodore Maynard, poet, novelist and critic, and author of Our Best Poets and The Divine Adventure, will be a frequent contributor to The Commonweal.

Henry Longan Stuart, the author of Weeping Cross and co-author of Civilization in America, will contribute a series of articles to The Commonweal, of which the first appears in the present issue.

John Bunker, writer of essays and critical articles for current publications, is the author of Shining Fields and Dark Towers.

Eleanor Rogers Cox, poet and lecturer, has written among other things, Finovar of the Fair Eyelids; and Austin Dobson, Poet and Friend.

Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, foremost of English writers on the relations between science and religion, has written, among many other books, A Century of Scientific Thought.

R. Dana Skinner was formerly on the editorial staff and Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald. He is a contributor on dramatic criticism and historical subjects to important newspapers and periodicals. He will be the regular dramatic critic of The Commonweal.

Padraic Colum, poet, dramatist, and lecturer on Irish literature, is the author of The Children Who Followed the Piper, and other books.

William Rose Benét, one of the editors of The Saturday Review of Literature, is the author of Moons of Grandeur, The First Person Singular, and a frequent contributor of verse to current publications.

Kathryn White Ryan, poet, critic, and recent editor of Voices, is a contributor of short stories to current magazines.

Thomas Walsh, poet, critic, and authority on Spanish literature, is author of The Pilgrim Kings and Don Folquet.

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PUBLISHERS OF

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A Weekly Review of Literature, the Arts, and Public Affairs

The Calvert Associates derive their name from George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland—the first Commonwealth established on the principle of religious liberty. In addition to publishing THE COMMONWEAL, the Calvert Associates, through their local groups throughout the country, and through allied organizations, will promote and encourage lectures, social study clubs, art exhibitions, historical research and celebrations, and other intellectual and spiritual interests.

From the President of the United States

"Thanks for your letter telling me of the approaching annual celebration of the founding of Maryland by the Calvert Associates, and of their general program for the furtherance of civic activities along the line of the best citizenship efforts. The program, as I understand it, is certainly deserving of all encouragement and support."

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

From the Archbishop of Baltimore

"The purpose of the Calvert Associates is a high and noble one and I sincerely hope that their effort will meet with great success."

✠MICHAEL J. CURLEY.

From the President of Columbia University

"I rejoice at any movement on the part of loyal Americans on behalf and in defense of complete liberty of conscience and liberty of worship in accordance with the guarantee of our fundamental law. I am wholly opposed to those new and venomous movements of intolerance and fanaticism that are directed against large bodies of our fellow Americans whose religious or economic views do not happen to meet the approval of those who, with so much levity, assume the role of persecutors.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

From the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Maryland

"I am glad to be able to say that I sympathize most fully with the ideals and principles set forth by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in that they seek to combat the unrest, the unwisdom, and the threatened moral deterioration of the present day, by the one force capable of correcting such evils; and that force is to be found only in the fundamental principles of the Christian religion.

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JOHN G. MURRAY.

Membership dues in the Calvert Associates, Inc., are $10.00 yearly, as a minimum requirement; higher subscriptions are solicited from those desirous of helping the work of the Calvert Associates more substantially. Investigations and correspondence requested.

..... 1924.

R. Dana Skinner, Treasurer,

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